

# Contemporary Review

incorporating THE FORTNIGHTLY

No. 1109 MAY 1958

The Budget . . . . .	SIR ARTHUR COMYNS CARR, Q.C.
The Canadian Elections. . . . .	PROFESSOR GEORGE CATLIN
A New Life of Byron . . . . .	DR. ALFRED NOYES
The Rapacki Plan. . . . .	ADMIRAL BIÖRKLAND
Economic Recovery in Greece . . . . .	THOMAS ANTHEM
The Second Empire. XVI. The Mexican Fiasco	G. P. GOOCH, D.LITT., F.B.A.
The Dickens Readings . . . . .	ROBERT WOODALL
Trends in Spain . . . . .	ORLANDO MARTINEZ
Victor Hugo and the Future of Europe	PROFESSOR ERIK M. STEEL
Arab Disunity . . . . .	E. H. RAWLINGS
A Visit to Macao . . . . .	BERNARD LLEWELLYN
Flies and Man . . . . .	CLIVE BEECH
State Pensions . . . . .	ARTHUR SELDON
The Gift— <i>A Poem</i> . . . . .	FRANCIS NEWBOLD
Ballade of the Breaking Shell— <i>A Poem</i> . . . . .	ALFRED NOYES
Literary Supplement—Contributors: Ian R. Christie, Dr. G. P. Gooch, Victor Cohen, Dr. Reinhold Aris, J. B. Coates, Dorothy Margaret Stuart, Grace Banyard.	

Price 4/- 53/- per annum. U.S.A. \$ 10.00

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

**CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE LTD.**  
CORPORATION

83, Pall Mall, LONDON, S.W.1

# **The Liberal News speaks out for Liberalism**

There is nowhere else you can be sure of finding week by week a comprehensive record of the activity of the reviving Liberal Party and a broad platform for all that is most significant in developing Liberal opinion.

**Topical**

**Vigorous**

**Informative**

**THE ONLY ORGAN IN THE PRESS  
CONTROLLED BY THE PARTY**

*Every Friday*

*Fourpence*

## **Musical Boxes**

by

**John E. T. Clark**

This is, without doubt, the only book on the fascinating subject of Musical boxes ever published in this country. Of special interest to all collectors, it will appeal also to others appreciative of beautiful craftsmanship and an art which is rare in this modern world. 42s.

**THE FOUNTAIN PRESS**

46-7 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2

# Contemporary Review

incorporating THE FORTNIGHTLY

*CONTRIBUTIONS* will be considered for publication and should be addressed to the Editor, *Contemporary Review*, 46 Chancery Lane, W.C.2, England.

*SUBSCRIPTIONS* are charged at the rate of 53s. per annum post free, or \$10.00 in the U.S. and Canada. A single copy costs 4s. (4s. 3d. including postage), \$1.00 in the U.S. and Canada. Orders may be placed with newsagents, booksellers or subscription agents, or may be sent direct with the appropriate remittance to the Circulation Manager, *Contemporary Review*, 46 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2, England. ®

*ADVERTISEMENTS.* Suitable advertisers' announcements are accepted for publication. Orders and advertisement copy should be received by the 15th of the month preceding the date of publication and should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, *Contemporary Review*, 46 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2, England (Telephone Holborn 6201).

---

## LIST OF CONTENTS MAY 1958

The Budget. . . . .	SIR ARTHUR COMYNS CARR, Q.C.	226
The Canadian Elections . . . . .	PROFESSOR GEORGE CATLIN	229
A New Life of Byron . . . . .	DR. ALFRED NOYES	232
The Rapacki Plan . . . . .	ADMIRAL BJÖRKLAND	238
Economic Recovery in Greece . . . . .	THOMAS ANTHEM	241
The Second Empire. XVI. The Mexican Fiasco	G. P. GOOCH, D.LITT., F.B.A.	244
The Dickens Readings. . . . .	ROBERT WOODALL	248
Trends in Spain . . . . .	ORLANDO MARTINEZ	251
Victor Hugo and the Future of Europe	PROFESSOR ERIK M. STEEL	253
Arab Disunity . . . . .	E. H. RAWLINGS	257
A Visit to Macao . . . . .	BERNARD LLEWELLYN	261
Flies and Man . . . . .	CLIVE BEECH	263
State Pensions . . . . .	ARTHUR SELDON	267
The Gift— <i>A Poem</i> . . . . .	FRANCIS NEWBOLD	271
Ballade of the Breaking Shell— <i>A Poem</i> . . . . .	ALFRED NOYES	272

Literary Supplement—Contributors: Ian R. Christie, Dr. G. P. Gooch, Victor Cohen, Dr. Reinhold Aris, J. B. Coates, Dorothy Margaret Stuart, Grace Banyard.

---

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

46-47 CHANCERY LANE . LONDON W.C.2

## THE BUDGET

**T**HE Economic Survey shows that the present financial and trading position of the country is neither very good nor very bad. A halt has been called to inflation. Production and exports are increasing slightly, though in the case of production not nearly so much as might have been expected in view of the heavy capital expenditure of recent years; and in the case of exports not enough to maintain our relative share of the world's trade.

The prospect for our export trade is uncertain, chiefly owing to the various difficulties which beset our customers. The best help the Chancellor could give would be to relax the credit squeeze to the extent of enabling our exporters to give credit as long as their competitors. This is more important even than a further reduction of Bank Rate, or an extension of guarantees.

It is easy to see the dangers of inflation. Those of deflation—unused production capacity and unemployment—are even greater and can only be checked if steps are taken in time. The time is now, because the warning signs are already with us.

In a general way the burden of taxation is well known, but it is chiefly realized in terms of direct taxation—Income Tax, etc. It is not well known that today indirect taxes cost on an average: to every man, woman and child in the country 16s. a week; to every man and woman over 20 (ignoring children) £1 2s. 9d. a week; to an average family of five £4 a week. These figures are averages, if anything too low. They do not include the poll-taxes called National Insurance contributions, nor any Income Tax which may be payable. They bear more heavily upon the rich, but not sufficiently so to have much effect upon the average. But as rather more than half of them are levied upon drink and tobacco, those who consume them pay substantially more than the average.

On the 1957/8 figures there was a surplus above the line of £423,000,000, converted into an overall deficit of £212,000,000—chiefly by charging against revenue £350,000,000 of investments of the nationalized industries. Without this there would be an overall surplus of £138,000,000.

Mr. Grimond has already suggested methods of reducing the Budget charge by £500,000,000, including the avoidance of this item by sending those industries back to the market for their capital, and I agree with him.

The reason given by Mr. Macmillan as Chancellor for charging it upon the Budget for two years, which have now expired, viz. inadequate private savings to meet investments, has now gone as savings have more than doubled since 1954.

The Chancellor is entitled to complain, as was his predecessor, that he has had too little time to consider either ways of reducing expenditure or reforms in our system of taxation.

As to taxation, I would apply the following principles, realizing that a given amount of money has got to be raised:—

1. It should be done in such a way as to give the least hindrance to production, and to encourage reduction of prices.
2. It should be fair to all, and particularly to the family.

I would impose one important new tax—on Site Values. I will not go into the well-known arguments in favour of this, but only point out that since this Government repealed the Development Charge (not in itself a good way of dealing with the problem) and put nothing in its place, the site



owner has had it all his own way, at least in dealing with the private buyer. The proceeds should be applied in a substantial reduction of Income Tax.

The following tax adjustments are called for:

- (a) Further relief from Income Tax and Profits Tax in respect of shares issued by employers to employees;
- (b) Relief for small investors in shares generally through a new branch of the Savings movement;
- (c) Relief from stamp duty on purchases of houses and shares of relatively small value or amount;
- (d) Relief from Schedule A tax on houses so long as owner-occupied up to, say, the first £100 of annual value;
- (e) Relief from Profits Tax for Building Societies;
- (f) Revision of the relief at present given to employers' pension schemes to compel them to transfer the full value of an employee's pension rights from one pension scheme to another, and prohibiting any age maximum for entry. The same should apply to pensions in all the public services;
- (g) Increase of depreciation allowances on tangible business assets: it would be difficult to do this by substituting replacement value for cost price, because nobody would or could usually replace an old asset by one just like it, but it could and should be done by a multiplier on the cost price, varying according to date of purchase;
- (h) Allowance of a substantial reserve against stock values, to guard against a fall in price before sale.

There are three much larger proposals which have obvious advantages but require further consideration. The first is that of the Liberal Committee which reported on the Reform of Income Tax and Social Security Payments in March, 1950. It would require to be brought up to date, and reconsidered in connection with the whole structure of the Social Services.

The second relates to the basis of Profits Tax. Here there are two proposals: the F.B.I. desires that the heavy differentiation between distributed and undistributed profits should be abolished, and that there should be a flat rate. This could be done at once, and certainly the differentiation should be substantially reduced if not completely abolished. The second is designed to encourage business people to reduce their prices and make their profits from a higher turnover instead of a high profit margin. The idea, which is sound in principle but difficult in application, is to relate the rate of tax primarily to the rate of profit on turnover.

The third relates to Death Duties, and is designed to encourage a wider distribution of wealth by making the rate of duty depend upon the amount passing to each individual, rather than upon the size of the whole estate.

Immediately I would begin the return to Free Trade by halving all the existing protective taxes. They only bring in about £87,000,000, but the effect in reducing prices would be much greater than the actual tax remitted. Moreover, a very large part of imports which are classed as manufactures are really used for further manufacture here and included in exports, so that a reduction of the tax would make us more competitive.

Apart from the list of adjustments which I have already given, which do not involve large amounts, the following are the best candidates for relief, among those which a Tory Chancellor is likely to consider: Income Tax, Purchase Tax, Oil Duties, and Entertainments Tax. The last named is strong

from the point of view of special hardship. A reduction of the Oil Duties would have a beneficial effect on transport and industry. Purchase Tax is not only full of absurd anomalies as Mr. Nabarro has been diligently pointing out, but is a tax on production—not only of real luxuries, by modern standards. A bit off the Income Tax would benefit industry as a whole, and a large proportion of the population as individuals.

We shall see which, if any, he chooses.

So far I had written before the Budget speech. In the main the Chancellor has plumped for revision of Purchase taxes, mostly downward, but some upward, and some new ones. It is difficult to see the logic of some of them, and one wonders whether five per cent on some articles not in very general use will be worth the cost and trouble of collection. The reductions will stimulate home demand and production in the industries concerned. Although the amounts of the reductions are in some cases substantial, the overall effect in a full year will be a loss of less than 10 per cent of the full yield of the tax.

The other major concession is the halving of the Entertainments Duty on cinemas: they had hoped for its total abolition.

The reduction in Stamp Duty on house-purchases will be a welcome, if small encouragement to owner-occupation.

Similar remarks apply to the other minor concessions, particularly the Income Tax for old people, though in that case it seems unfair that the concession should stop abruptly at the named, although increased, limits.

Coming now to the proposals in addition to Purchase Tax, which directly affect industry. The Chancellor has gone the whole hog in equalizing the rates of profits tax on distributed and retained profits at 10 per cent all round. That some change in this direction was called for I have already said. But it may well be doubted whether he has not gone too far, in view of his decision, with which I do not agree, to confine the relaxation of the credit squeeze to the new depressed areas. The result of the change is that companies, especially small ones, which are only allowed to finance themselves out of retained profits, will be paying 10 per cent for the privilege of doing so. Some of the large companies on whom the squeeze does not operate so hardly have been retaining profits to an unreasonable extent for capital expenditure, and it would be well to reverse this tendency. One must also bear in mind the psychological effect on Trade Union opinion.

Similar remarks apply to the small increase in Initial Allowances, which are in any case a poor substitute for fair depreciation rates. But it is rather ironical to say to a smaller business, "You can't have the money to expand, but if you manage to dodge this restriction, we won't tax you quite so much on your new assets."

The main weakness is that nothing at all is done to assist exports, except vague adjurations and expectations. The Chancellor says, "We do not want to start a race in credit-giving," but the race has been started by others, and we are lagging behind in it while he is making up his mind. And it is not only a competitive race; longer credit is a means of helping our overseas customers out of their difficulties. I am not suggesting a general relaxation of credit squeeze, but this is a particular direction in which it would be justified.

I am not surprised that so few of the suggestions I have made earlier are even mentioned in a Conservative Budget. It is only natural that it should appear as "chicken-feed."

ARTHUR S. COMYNS CARR, Q.C.

## THE CANADIAN ELECTIONS

IN June, 1957, the Progressive Conservatives, led by Mr. John George Diefenbaker, lawyer and member for a Saskatchewan division (at one time Liberal), came into power at Ottawa after 22 years of Liberal rule. The unexpected victory confounded all the forecasters. The Liberal Party indeed increased its gross vote but, owing to the distribution of the vote, the Conservatives were able to form a minority government, supported by a plurality of 113 "P.-C." Members as against 106 Liberals, 25 Members of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation (Labour) and 19 Members of the Social Credit (Semi-Douglasite) Party. A survey of Provincial politics at this time showed Conservative premiers in the governments of Ontario, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia; Liberals in Manitoba, Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island; Social Credit (or "Socred") in British Columbia and Alberta; and "C.C.F." in Saskatchewan. The position of the Province of Quebec, under the Union Nationale administration of M. Maurice Duplessis is of an especial character. Politically this great Province plays a role of decisive importance. On February 1, 1958, Mr. Diefenbaker obtained a dissolution of Parliament from the Governor General, the Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey, and on the same day announced that the Canadian General Election would take place on March 31.

Although the Diefenbaker Administration had only a plurality of votes in the Canadian House of Commons and was a minority government, there was too little harmony possible among the heterogeneous elements of the Opposition to make the Government's overthrow by a coalition practicable. Moreover, for their own good reasons, the Liberal Party was in no hurry to overthrow it. Itself defeated, in 1957, not least on the cry that, under Mr. C. D. Howe and in connection with Trans-Canada Pipeline and other transactions, the Government was introducing too much American-controlled finance into the country, the Liberal Party also suffered heavily from the defects of its electoral organization and from complacency due to 22 years of almost uninterrupted electoral success. No one in the spring of last year would have been prepared to make bets on a Liberal defeat or that the "P.-Cs." would do more than increase their vote. After the election shock the Liberals prayed for time to "repair their fences" and improve their organization. Moreover, it was reasonably clear that the widely respected M. Louis St. Laurent, who could be expected to carry a weight in Quebec which no English-speaking Canadian could exercise, would not choose to continue in the leadership. The days were over when in the words of Canada's first national operetta, *My Fur Lady*, the word could go around, "Uncle Lou, Uncle Lou, tell us what to do."

This embarrassment produced results that were ironic. Last year a bill was proposed (not for the first time) by an Independent Member in Ottawa to introduce a new Canadian national flag in lieu of the present two competing ones, the Union Jack and the Canadian Red Ensign. Instead of being withdrawn, unexpectedly a Liberal Member rose to support it. Normally the whole Quebec-based Liberal Party, being in opposition, could also have been expected to support it on an issue on which the Government would have fallen. Instead the harassed Liberals abstained and allowed the active opposition to be taken over by other parties, especially by the C.C.F. under Mr. M. J. Coldwell, its leader, and Mr. Stanley Knowles. At one time the constitutional theme was suggested that, so long as the Government was not defeated in the House, it was not entitled to ask for a dissolution.

This doctrine, with the precedents set by Liberal Premier Mackenzie King against it, was indeed at length repudiated by the new Liberal leader himself, Mr. Lester Bowles Pearson, in a press conference. Nevertheless, Mr. Pearson as newly selected Liberal leader took the extraordinary course, not of so phrasing a resolution as, in concert with other parties, to defeat the Government, but of proposing that the Government, having lost the confidence of the House, without any Election hand over the reins of power to the Liberals, a proposal impossible for other Parties to accept. Since Mr. Pearson's public reputation was, in large part, built on his handling of foreign affairs as External Minister, an opportunity was given to the Premier to comment that this resolution might show Mr. Pearson's skill in diplomacy with foreigners but was scarcely what a democratic Canadian public would expect. As a consequence of this policy the Liberals have gone to the country with the uninspiring cry that the Conservative Administration was thoroughly incompetent; but that it was also irresponsible in resigning from office and precipitating an election.

Mr. Diefenbaker, who displayed unexpected qualities of leadership and who had fulfilled more of his election promises than had been thought probable in so short a time, fully enjoyed keeping Parliament on tip-toe about the date of dissolution. At length the expected blow fell. The Liberal Convention, the third only in the Party's history—in the case of Sir Wilfred Laurier and others the selection of leader was by parliamentary party caucus—had just concluded its session in which Mr. L. B. ("Mike") Pearson, aged 60, Nobel-prize winner, had been selected. The runner-up was Mr. Paul Martin who, although thought to be a better vote-winner, was a Catholic of partly French-Canadian descent. Under Canadian political etiquette it was felt to be the turn, after M. St. Laurent, for an English-speaking Protestant. It was a Convention at which, in reply to the remark that "one must keep in touch with the 'grass-roots,'" one delegate made the memorable comment that "the grass-roots were always very close to the dirt." Although now certain to occur anyhow, a proximate ground for the dissolution was the Government's defeat on a snap vote. Unduly sure that the debate on a Saturday would take place on an issue on which they had speakers in line, owing to the unexpectedly speedy transaction of business a motion was able to be introduced, not unlike the Flag Bill, to the effect that all cheques must, on the principle of strict linguistic equality, be printed in both French and English. The Liberals, the leader now elected after trumpeting his electoral willingness to fight for victory, rallied to the charge and the Diefenbaker Government, already about to be dissolved, was also defeated.

Mr. John Diefenbaker had what he wanted. He was confident that he could increase his majority in the country. In the Maritime Provinces he was strong. In British Columbia the Social Credit Party was weak in organization and lacked a coherent policy. Perhaps the C.C.F. might remain strong in his own Saskatchewan. He hoped at least to hold his ground in Conservative Ontario and to make gains in decisive Quebec. He had shown that the Liberals could be defeated and, to those voters to whom this appealed, that "the band-waggon" might be travelling in the opposite direction. Most of his programme that he submitted to the country in 1957 he had carried into effect. A vital matter, his allocation of Federal Funds in support of Provincial finances, especially the hard-pressed Maritime



Provinces, had shown an increase for them—although, in the final figure, not so high for Social Credit-minded British Columbia. A “block-buster” most inconsiderately dropped by Mr. Peter Thorneycroft at the 1957 Mont Tremblant Conference, in the shape of a recommendation of Commonwealth Free Trade which horrified Conservative and industrial Ontario (although not without support in public opinion polls), had indeed badly damaged one patriotic election proposal. This had been—reversing the policy of Mr. C. D. Howe—to transfer Canadian Trade investments to a substantial sum of about \$800 million from the United States to the United Kingdom. However, the Premier had already done his best, even if the Liberals might accuse him of making bad blood with the States. And the days were past when, again in the words of *My Fur Lady*—“Howe’s everything.”

Much of the election campaign has been on the admittedly grave issue of unemployment. There are three separate methods of reckoning the figures, used by Parties according to taste. However a March figure of about 550,000 out of jobs and seeking employment—or 9.5 per cent of the labour force—seems sound. The Conservatives alleged that, before they left office in 1957, the Liberals had been warned of the danger. The Liberals replied that this private civil service routine report was balanced by more optimistic ones. It was yet difficult for the Liberals to fasten full responsibility on the short first Diefenbaker Administration. The C.C.F. roundly said that both capitalist parties were to blame. Perhaps responsibility lies in a world situation or “South of the border.” Where the major Parties differ is on remedies. Both have made big promises about what they will do for the Northern Territories. But whereas the Liberals find the unemployment remedy in “scientific” taxation cuts, which cuts, in Hamilton on February 14, Mr. Pearson placed at about \$400 million—and if the Liberals did not cut before, this was, they said, because there was (under the Liberals) prosperity—the Conservatives have a massive programme of public works. Including work already in progress, this should run up to over the \$1,000 million mark. In this fiscal connection, the return of the Diefenbaker Government may cause some heads to roll, including that of the Governor of the Bank of Canada. The problem for the remedies presented by either party is whether they will operate speedily enough to effect a cure. As for the electors, what perhaps matters most is that the propaganda and television men have “sold” Mr. Diefenbaker, who has a large stature and powerful personality, far more effectively than Mr. Pearson has been sold as “the wise man” and senior world statesman, concerned at any cost to keep Canada out of war and recommending a bilateral “Summit” Conference of the U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. This effect will scarcely be neutralized by an election story which pleases the Liberals so well that they have been known to tell it, by error, twice in the same meeting. There was a statue of Mr. Diefenbaker which was placed next to one of George Washington, but had to be moved because George never told a lie; placed then next to Lincoln it had to be moved again, because Abe kept his promises. It ended next to a statue of Columbus who did not know where he was going; did not know where he had got when he got there; and anyhow did everything at the public expense.

The Quebec vote in elections is decisive. No Party can for long govern

Canada as a national Party that cannot get a majority of Quebec votes. This used to be the secret of Liberal strength. Of 16 million Canadians, six million are French-speaking and most are resident in Quebec with its 75 constituencies. Professor Arnold Toynbee is reported as having gone so far as to remark that the French Canadians, with their aggressive sense of homogeneous culture, may prove to be "the coming people" in North America—surely a far, far cry from Tocqueville's high estimate of Anglo-American importance. Of recent years a singular situation has obtained under which the Quebecois voted for the Liberals in Dominion elections but against them, and for M. Duplessis' Union Nationale, in Provincial elections. Will this last or could, as the pun goes, Mr. Pearson become M. Personne in Quebec? It is said that Mr. Frost, premier of Ontario, has warned Mr. Diefenbaker against French-speaking nationalist M. Duplessis and his *habitants*. The Liberals, on the other hand, have made great play circulating the text of an unfortunate speech by an Ontario M.P. which sought to show that only Ulster Orangemen understood freedom and conservatism. Nevertheless no one could be more conservative than M. Duplessis, who was once a Conservative Party member. If by fortune, despite traditional distrust, an alliance could be struck up, the long reign of the Liberal Party in Canada might indefinitely be ended. And, indeed, the C.C.F. might have a chance, although, at present, the prospect seems remote.

On March 31 an electorate, desirous of stable government based on a clear majority, gave Mr. Diefenbaker a landslide victory of 208 seats, to the Liberals 49, with every seat in Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba and Alberta, and with 50 out of 75 of the Quebec seats—a position without parallel in Quebec since the days of Sir James A. Macdonald in 1882, and outdistancing nationally M. St. Laurent's great majority (190 Liberals) of 1949. The Social Credit party nationally disappeared; and the C.C.F. were left with eight seats. Anti-Americanism had played no discussed part in the result, but the evangelistic vision of new Canadian nationalism (even if both qualified and aided by the very different nationalism of Quebec's Union Nationale), instead of the politics of sectional interest, had received its reward. For the first time in Canadian politics a Conservative leader, uncontrolled by the industrialists of the East, a Man of the Middle West, emerged to dominate the country by the power of his convictions and thanks to the arrogance of too long tenure and the misorganization of the Liberals. Maybe a big Conservative majority will be more humble than a big Liberal one; and maybe not.

McGill University, Montreal.

GEORGE E. GORDON CATLIN

### A NEW LIFE OF BYRON

**I**N three massive volumes, amounting to more than 1,500 pages, Professor Marchand has given us what may be called the final reference work on the life of Byron\*. On a man who lived only 36 years an expenditure of half a million words may seem extravagant, but the subject is one that has been bedevilled by half truths or fragmentary truths which can only be seen in their right perspective when the life is taken as a whole.



What Swinburne said of Byron's poetry is also true of Byron's life: it cannot be judged in selections, and certainly not in what may be called selections from Sunday newspaper memoirs, or what, in another context, Matthew Arnold called "chatter about Harriet."

But Byron is important because of his poetry, and though immense pains have obviously been taken by Professor Marchand to record what was untrue as well as what was true in the chatter; the diseases which Byron did not have, and the weight of his brain upon scales of which, as Professor Marchand says, the degrees are unknown—to record all this, together with the exact constituents of his purgatives and the way in which he was helped to his "stool," is, one may safely say, not the best approach to major poetry. This is almost completely neglected. Valuable as it may be for the reference library, this work carries to the extreme a fashion which, if it prevails much longer, will destroy literature altogether or turn it into a branch of amateur pathology. Fortunately, like all fashions when carried to an extreme, it ends in comedy. Byron has been the subject of all the fashions of the *chronique scandaleuse*, including incest, a vast harem; and now, a strange role for *Don Juan*, homosexuality. At one stage there was more than a hint of murder, but I think we may now well "dash down that bowl of Samian wine."

Byron seldom or never wrote a faultless poem. Perhaps the nearest he came to it was the exquisite lyric:

She walks in beauty like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies.

If he had written nothing but that his place among the poets would have been assured. It is curious indeed to note the influence of that one lyric upon writers who were at the opposite pole from Byron—on Tennyson, for instance, in *Cophetua*:

As shines the moon in clouded skies,  
She in her poor attire was seen,

and, strangest of all, on Alice Meynell:

She walks, the lady of my delight.

Indeed, there is some truth in the absurd story of the phrenologist who, on being allowed to examine the head of Byron, was baffled by the rather startling discovery that Byron had all the bumps, each of them contradicting another—idealism, materialism; religion, sensuality; sentimentalism, cynicism; generosity, selfishness, modesty, theatrical vanity. Professor Marchand is in much the same case as the phrenologist. He has examined all the bumps; he has not merely explored their surfaces; he has cut them open and examined their insides. He then, with admirable aloofness, has refrained from diagnosis and has given what may be called an open verdict. The result is, therefore, not a biography to be read from cover to cover for the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Byron, the man and the poet, but a kind of clinical encyclopædia. Even so, it carries the clinical process to unnecessary lengths. In a fierce poem, Tennyson once denounced a kind of literary autopsy, which has become more and more fashionable in recent years, cutting open the bodies of the poets to discover or invent some hidden disease.

It is not, of course, Professor Marchand's fault that the horrible post-mortem actually performed on Byron, not for medical reasons but out of mere curiosity, went into so many gruesome details, but it will not be

in the best interests of English literature if the twentieth century approach to it is to be made through the intestines. The surgeons in Greece, sawing open "the noble head of the respectable cadaver," as the learned American professor calls it, and deciding that there was no trace of syphilis, are hardly an aid either to pathology or poetry. The admittedly amateur description of the kidneys, liver, etc., etc., the comments of the woman who laid the body out and found it "white as the wing of a chicken," are surely as unnecessary as the revolting curiosity of Trelawny who, after sending Byron's servant out of the room, lifted the covering off the body to look at the club foot, and found that both feet were deformed—"the body of an Apollo and the feet of a sylvan satyr." Professor Marchand makes it clear that there is no support for the account of the feet, which Trelawny seems to have given as a kind of symbolical expression of a personal dislike—but one club foot should have been enough to satisfy him, especially as he had frequently seen both feet on the many occasions when he swam with Byron.

The same unreliability attaches to a thousand other stories, including Lady Byron's story that during her confinement Byron threw soda water bottles at the ceiling of the room below, in order that she might not sleep. Professor Marchand provides us with the evidence that there were no marks on the ceiling; but the defence he gives of Byron, that he was merely knocking off the heads of the bottles with a poker, is hardly better founded.

A more picturesque legend, which the Professor seems to have missed, is that Byron on the same occasion declared that if a son were born to him it would be "a winged monster," and then proceeded to smash the furniture and throw the cage containing Lady Byron's favourite parrot out of the window. It is said that Lady Byron, "deeply affected by this cruelty," asked if the parrot had lost its life, but was reassured by her maid who, as the cage fell past her window, heard the parrot ejaculating: "Pretty Polly, very very jolly."

However, the possible place of this immense work in the reference library will not be affected by the failure of the research student to discover the last resting place of the happy parrot. If the student still wants to meet Byron, the man and the poet, as he was in real life, these volumes may do him another service by rendering unnecessary, or unconsciously exposing as unreliable, a great many of the books that have appeared since the life and letters of Byron were first given to the world by his friend and brother poet, Tom Moore. Incidentally, Moore's life of Byron, because he knew and understood him, is incomparably truer, more natural, and therefore more subtle, than any exploration of the sub-conscious could be at a distance of a century and a half. There is, moreover, such a thing as burying the truth under a Pelion of detail piled on an Ossa of hypotheses. Also Moore understood the language of the period. Phrases, that to Moore meant nothing more than a warm hearted and open friendship, convey to the all-embracing inquisitiveness of Professor Marchand an unresolved suspicion of homosexuality.

Moore knew and understood Byron as a personal friend, and, seen through the eyes of that friendship and the extraordinarily interesting letters to Murray, whose name has been historically associated with that of Byron for over a century, the "respectable cadaver" becomes a human

being, in whose salutation to his friend even the twentieth century reader may share:

My boat is on the shore,  
And my bark is on the sea,  
But before I go, Tom Moore,  
Here's a double health to thee.

It is largely Byron's own fault that the important thing, his poetry, has been overshadowed by his own exploitation of himself as a theatrically wicked Lord. The role of *Don Juan*, which he seems to have adopted as a kind of vindication of his club foot, has its comic side, and one of its funniest moments is that in which Byron's friends, "to protect his fame," took absurd pains to conceal the fact that after an illness he kept a Bible on his breakfast table. They were prepared to admit, with a charming vagueness, that he had a sort of general belief in its contents (whatever that means), but thought it would be really frightful if anyone should take that little weakness seriously.

Byron certainly made the very most of the easy notoriety which, by every suggestion in his power, could be achieved by a wicked Peer posing on the Bridge of Sighs and asking the world to take notice that he was nursing a secret guilt. Opinions may differ about the guilt in one case. There was no doubt at all about a great many others. However, there was always unconscious comedy. Oedipus himself would not have been tragic if he had notified the world that he was, so to speak, doing it on purpose.

To many of those who have written about these things, the poetry was merely an adjunct, like the Byronic collar, to the role of the wicked Lord. *Childe Harold* was Lord Byron; *Manfred*, stalking through his gloomy halls, was Lord Byron; *Don Juan*, with his regiment of women, was Lord Byron; *Cain* himself was Lord Byron,

When the poles crashed and water was the world.

The heads of his critics, like that of Byron himself, seem to have been turned a little by his unexpected inheritance of a peerage. It was what might be called the peerage aspect of the case that revealed the contemporary denunciations of Byron's immorality as nothing more or less than an expression of secret admiration and vicarious enjoyment in the hearts of the great British public, just as it was said that when King Edward VII smoked a cigar, every good Englishman felt he was smoking one too, and the best of Havanas at that.

Even Matthew Arnold, who in his prose had remarked of the Shelley circle: "What a set!" is carried away in his poetry by the meretricious glamour which Max Beerbohm so delightfully caricatured in his cartoon, reproduced in this work, of "Lord Byron Shaking the Dust of England From His Shoes." As poetic fiction Matthew Arnold's lines have their merit, but one has only to look at the Beerbohm cartoon to realize how nonsensical they are:

What helps it now, that Byron bore,  
With haughty scorn which mock'd the smart,  
Through Europe to the Ætolian shore  
The pageant of his bleeding heart?  
That thousands counted every groan,  
And Europe made his woe her own?

Haughty is as haughty does, and Byron's behaviour did not often rise

*à sa hauteur*, with the aura attributed to his "rank" by Professor Marchand. The best that can be said of Byron's procession through Europe is that it was a rather rowdy carnival of promiscuous adultery in which the heart had a very small part to play. It must be admitted, however, that Professor Marchand has counted every groan, although with admirable American coolness he has refrained from sharing the woe, and, in his own remarkable phrase, has lodged "the respectable cadaver," with due obeisance to Debrett, in a transatlantic Frigidaire.

As perhaps is right in a work of reference, the Professor does not attempt to assess, or even to discuss, the real value of the poetry. There is one slight error in what he actually says of it. It was Swinburne, not Matthew Arnold, who attributed to Byron's poetry, with all the many faults he found in it, "the splendid and imperishable excellence of sincerity and strength," and Matthew Arnold directly acknowledged the quotation from Swinburne.

Sincerity and strength in the best of his poetry; much affectation and weakness in other parts of it and in his daily life; those were the contradictory qualities in Byron, found, as they always are in greater or less degree, in the conflict between body and soul. At different periods, moreover, his poetry has itself been greatly underrated or overrated, according to the current fashion. But again, like Byron's head, it has all the contradictory bumps—sentimentalist satirist, lover of beauty and cynic. At present it is the fashion to place *Don Juan* too high and *Childe Harold* far too low. Familiarity and bad elocution may help to spoil some of the great passages in *Childe Harold*, but in his splendid use of the Spenserian stanza it is the pageant of European history, not of Byron's "bleeding heart" which passes before us. Rhetorical it may be, but so are many of the finest passages of Homer, Shakespeare and even the greatest sonnets of Wordsworth. Indeed there is a close kinship between two or three of these and some of the passages in *Childe Harold*, for instance Wordsworth's lines on Venice: "Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee." The passages in *Childe Harold* about the Roman Colosseum and the eve of Waterloo have never been surpassed. Again and again the memorable line occurs, the line that builds itself into the very structure of the English language. At Venice, for instance:

A thousand years their cloudy wings expand  
Around me, and a dying glory smiles!

Where Venice sate in state throned on her hundred isles!

Or those great lines on the dying gladiator, which Arnold picked out as Byron's finest. Familiar as they are, recitation and elocution have obscured their deeper psychological significance. They are a kind of allegory, a portent of the change that was coming upon the civilization of Byron's own time—a change heralded by Rousseau and his "return to nature." The inhuman shouting was not merely that of the Colosseum; it came from the amphitheatre of the modern world:

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes  
Were with his heart, and that was far away:  
He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,  
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,  
There were his young barbarians all at play,



There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,  
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday—  
All this rushed with his blood . . .

And here we come to that strange upsurging of something like the revolutionary spirit in Byron which made him one of the prophetic voices in the cause of liberty. He had, like Shelley, an almost uncanny insight, in view of his background and the age in which he lived, into the full meaning of the American Declaration of Independence. In his prose letters he displays an extraordinary understanding of the American people, and in his poetry he becomes, with Shelley, an exponent of the universal significance of that union of many countries across the Atlantic, and the coming dangers of the dictatorships in Europe. Byron acclaimed Washington as the noblest statesman in all history. In his ode on Napoleon he wrote:

Yes—one—the first—the last—the best

The Cincinnatus of the West,

Whom envy dared not hate

Bequeaths the name of Washington

To make men blush there was but one.

And again in *Childe Harold*, in one of his noblest passages, he wrote:

Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered be

And Freedom find no champion and no child

Such as Columbia saw arise when she

Sprang forth a Pallas, arm'd and undefiled?

Or must such minds be nourished in the wild,

Deep in the unpruned forest, midst the roar

Of cataracts, where nursing Nature smiled

On infant Washington? Has earth no more

Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no such shore?

Even more remarkable, perhaps, are those lines in the *Ode on Venice*:

Better be

Where the extinguished Spartans still are free

In their proud charnel of Thermopylæ,

Than stagnate in our marsh—or o'er the deep

Fly, and one current to the ocean add,

One spirit to the souls our fathers had,

One freeman more, America, to thee!

Here again we have the kinship with Wordsworth's great sonnet on Milton, and his phrase about the "fen of stagnant waters" from which he seeks redemption.

There is another subtler tribute to the new world in the *Isles of Greece* (a tribute which has been overlooked by all the critics), where Byron speaks of

The songs of freedom, echoing further west

Than your sire's Islands of the Blest.

Again in *Don Juan* he writes (attacking the militarism of his day) that the followers of Mars, except in the fight for freedom, are the children of murder:

And such are they—and such they will be found.

Not so Leonidas or Washington

Whose every battle-field is holy ground.

One cannot help wishing that Professor Marchand had devoted part of

his clinical space to some of these things. They count for a good deal more than the size of Byron's kidneys or the number of his "nymphs."

Byron's name is remembered in Greece as that of a Liberator. It may be that Byron's vision of the New World was, as is usual, his romantic dream of a liberated Greece. Only time can show. But Professor Marchand's account of the expedition to Missolongi leaves Byron very little, even of the illusion. The research student will find here a complete list of the military clothes that Byron took with him, the gold and silver epaulets, the four blue trousers, gold braid, and so on. Trelawny had brought a green-braided military jacket which did not fit him. Byron tried it on and found that it suited him perfectly, and Trelawny therefore handed it over to him. Of this perfectly natural incident Professor Marchand makes a really quite asinine comment, that it "displays Byron in the embarrassing act of accepting second-hand clothes." He tells us of the meals that Byron ate, the dollars that he spent and the hands that grabbed them, but the spirit of the Liberator, or the illusion of it, is not here. He does indeed give to the thunderstorm during which Byron died the portentousness of the Last Trump; but quite frankly it is a relief to turn once more to the last page or two of Tom Moore's biography of his friend, where there is no attempt at whitewashing, but a moving, sincere, and natural tribute to a man and a poet whom he understood in all his weakness and in all his strength.

ALFRED NOYES.

\* *Byron, a Biography*. By Leslie A. Marchand. 3 vols. John Murray. 7 guineas.

### THE RAPACKI PLAN

THE Rapacki plan, favoured by the Polish Foreign Minister Adam Rapacki, is supported by the Soviet, Poland, Eastern Germany, Roumania, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Albania, and embraces an *A-area* with a population of about 108 millions. The Soviet would like to enlarge the zone both in northern Europe, in Italy and in the Middle East. Other governments have proposed zones with different limits. A Scandinavian zone, the *B-area* of Finland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark and some western parts of European Soviet, has a total population of 19.4 millions and it would seem necessary and logical to include here a certain part of western Soviet to the East of the Baltic. Some leading statesmen talk about a southern European zone, the *C-area* of Italy, Austria, Hungary, Roumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia and Greece, with a total population of 144.3 millions, Turkey included. Besides this the Soviet has proposed the extension of a zone in the Middle East, here called the *D-area*. As this expression in international language implies territories from Afghanistan to Burma, it is possible that the Soviet means the Near East reckoned from Turkey to the east side of Persia (Iran). Outside these plans there have also in 1957 been discussions about great air inspection zones which should not be confounded with our actual subject.

Middle range missile weapons from the Soviet on one side and Western Europe on the other already reach over the *A-area*, which is therefore "under the course of the ball," which will make it difficult for these states to resist foreign nuclear and missile threat. The case is about the same for the *B-area*



and the C-area. An extension to the D-area seems to break up the Baghdad, Seato and Anzus pacts. Would it not have the same disastrous effect on the Atlantic pact?

We cannot judge the Rapacki plan without knowing in detail what this plan really contains, and it will be necessary to study what Rapacki and others have said about it in the United Nations, in Polish declarations and in interviews in the world press. The February addition proposes that Poland, Czechoslovakia and Eastern and Western Germany should also prohibit *other powers* to install equipment for the use of nuclear and missile weapons on their territories, including start bases. As a compensation powers which have such weapons should undertake *not to use them against states within the zone*. This would be combined with a control system on land and in the air, not yet known in detail. Poland suggests that such a solution would make it easier later on to diminish even the conventional forces of countries in the zone.

There are many cons to be remembered, first of all that Western Germany without the help of nuclear and missile weapons would lie open to attacks by superior Soviet land forces. Will such a Rapacki plan favour the Soviet and give it time to digest its East-European conquests? A successful defence of Western Germany is said to need atomic artillery, nuclear weapons and smaller missile weapons. And do the Western powers run the risk to weaken dangerously the NATO defence? A weakening of the defence in the satellite states is no advantage to NATO, which would never dream of attacking these states. The consequence is that a Rapacki agreement would favour a power with offensive policy and strategy, whoever that now may be. And the way in which the Soviet hushed up its Yalta-promise to give the satellite states free, is no recommendation of reliability. We must reckon with the world as it is, not as we would like it to be. A series of uncertainties also exist. Should the small tactical weapons for defence be included? The position of atomic artillery is not clear. Should the weapons which can launch nuclear bombs also be forbidden, and how about bomber aircraft? If both sides can send missiles over the zone to the country on the other side of the zone, is the Rapacki plan really of value? Will an agreement only weaken nations which already are feeble to the advantage of those who are already strong, and is this an advantage for the future?

Two of the most serious questions are whether the Soviet will agree to take away its bases for nuclear and missile weapons from a zone to the west of say: Archangelsk—Lwow and to the south of Lwow—Astrachan, which are necessary conditions for the B- and the C-plan, and which kind of control will the Soviet admit on its territory? These questions must obtain a satisfactory answer before a final opinion can be reached. The Polish press has emphasized that the Soviet did not like the proposal from the beginning and suspected that Poland would get rid of Russian troops and perhaps leave the Warsaw pact. Rapacki answered that all the Warsaw Pact powers had approved his plan, which assumed that countries in the "de-nuclearized" zone should remain members of their actual alliances. This declaration was naturally supported by the Soviet. Rapacki declared that Poland would have liked to make a much more radical proposal, but had now found it expedient to take only "a first step." In February Russian-Polish discussions have been held in order to establish the control system, which will be published later on.

If Russian military forces left the satellite states, this could be valuable enough to justify some Western compromise, but all agreements ought to be balanced in a way which respects the actual balance of power and does not give total advantages to one side—otherwise there would be no definitive agreement. A Russian concession to include parts of the Soviet territories in such zones would very much help to attain such a balance, but naturally complemented by good control. Gomulka declared in February that Poland welcomed Russian troops as long as the international situation is tense. No such solution could give a result with a total pro.

As great missile weapons can pass over such a zone, it is an illusion to think that a Rapacki plan would diminish the possibility of nuclear and missile war between great powers. This can only be achieved if the great powers accept limitations with respect to their *own* weapons and their use. And we must understand that if the Soviet retired from the satellite states, its nuclear and missile weapons and its vicinity to those countries would allow it to influence powerfully their policy in peace and war. Without nuclear and missile weapons these states would continue to be satellites, although more free if it really kept a promise to retire and not interfere in order to make its will prevail. This is the reasons why the eventual "pros" must be coupled with "ifs": even Western Germany would suffer from increased Russian pressure.

The Rapacki plan is so constructed as to encourage enlarging the areas, as a drop of oil spreads over its initial limits, and works at the same time in the same direction as Soviets missile threat policy during 1956-57—against an extended use of missile bases in European NATO countries and even elsewhere. If we agree to test what the Russians have in mind, we must not forget this important fact. But let us judge definitively only with the papers on the table. A Russian desire to weaken neighbours without making concessions on Soviet territory will show where we stand, it may have connections with *A-, B-, C-, or D-areas*. The continued political guarantees of NATO to Western Germany and of the Soviet to Eastern states seem unavoidable in the present situation, which is also in harmony with Rapacki's initial proposal.

I do not pretend to offer a "balanced solution" which seems fair to persons outside the great alliances. But such a solution must also include five important conditions:

- (a) a definitive *withdrawal of Soviet military forces* of all kinds from countries in the zone and a clear declaration not to send them again;
- (b) including in a zone of *parts of Russian territory* to an extension, which gives strategical balance in each zone;
- (c) accepting on both sides a *control system* which at least gives security against dangerous attacks during a period of tension, while a control system in time of war is beyond possibilities, and allowing states in such zones to have small nuclear and missile weapons (not over 100 kilo-tons explosive power) for their legitimate defence;
- (d) an agreement on *German reunification* on the basis of free elections, and on the limitations of weapons in the Eastern part of that united Germany especially and in Germany as a whole in general;
- (e) an engagement on the *Soviet side to diminish* seriously its land forces in time of peace which reduces its possibility to make a sudden attack in Central Europe with conventional forces.

By these means the great Russian advantages of the Rapacki plan would be compensated and create that balance of power which is necessary for a realistic result in all the zones which have until now been proposed. Proposals which at the first glance seem humanitarian but after investigation prove to be either illusions or likely to favour expansionist powers cannot safeguard freedom and national security.

*Stockholm.*

ADMIRAL E. BJÖRKLUND

## ECONOMIC RECOVERY IN GREECE

**D**ESPITE the intense preoccupation of both people and Government with the Cyprus question, the Greek economy, within the three-year period from the time that M. Karamanlis's National Radical Union party came into power, has achieved a degree of stability and vitality that has astonished foreign observers. Indeed, considering the paucity of her natural resources compared with those of all neighbouring countries, and allowing for the fact that one in every four Greek workers is still idle—roughly 200,000 are unemployed—the progress made in agricultural recovery and in industrial development is such as to justify the most sanguine hopes for the future. It must be remembered, of course, that Greece emerged from the last war, and the struggle with international Communism that followed, with her economy totally ruined. Currant plantations, for instance, were completely devastated. Even here, however, as in the case of the olive groves, the battle of restoration is being slowly won, and with new and modern and hygienic methods of packaging, introduced by the Americans, the prospects are bright.

Apart from currants, figs and olive oil, all branches of Greek agriculture show remarkable increases in production. Wheat, for example, has reached a yield of 1,330,000 metric tons in the period 1955-1958, compared with 843,000 metric tons in 1935-1939, whilst potato crops have risen from 200,000 to 440,000 metric tons. Exports of tobacco, a major factor in Greece's economy, last year attained a record level of 67,500 tons, representing nearly 50 per cent of total Greek exports for 1957, and bringing in a welcome harvest of 91,500,000 United States dollars. Again, thanks to American experts, in a country where rice is a cherished commodity, used in so many Greek dishes, 60,000 metric tons a year are now being wrested from reclaimed marsh land, whereas formerly only 5,000 tons of rice were produced. Today, for the first time in history, Greece is able to supply not only her own maximum needs, but to export a small surplus. "A harsh soil, but a mother of men," wrote Homer of Hellas, no doubt with the thought in mind that four-fifths of Greece's area (today 51,843 square miles) is uncultivable. It is remarkable, therefore, that since 1939 the cultivated area, by reclamation and irrigation, has expanded from 1,583,000 hectares (one hectare equals 2.5 acres) to 1,747,000 hectares.

In order to grasp the full significance of the Greek achievement in respect of national nurture, it is necessary to recall not only that warfare devastated the country's economy, but that from 1946 until 1950 Greece faced the colossal task of providing relief for, rehabilitating and resettling 730,000 farm refugees, uprooted from their homes by the Communists, who had robbed them of all their livestock and fodder. The Greek farming com-

munity courageously faced the challenge of their Government, and the second period of reconstruction, from 1951 to date, has been marked by an accelerated rate of agricultural development, as we have seen. By more intensive cultivation and co-operative methods, aided by the latest American ideas and agricultural machinery, it is confidently hoped that still greater yields of wheat, corn and other cereals will be recorded, given peace and stability. At present, the available arable land is crowded, with only 1.2 acres for each of the peasant farmers; this splinter ownership, when it is considered that 65 per cent of Greece's 8,050,000 population earn their living by tilling the soil, renders modern farming practices difficult and expensive.

The main aims of the Greek economy, of course, are to reduce imports, which have been running at the rate of £100 million, and thereby effect a saving in foreign exchange; to restrict consumption, in such forms at any rate as those of luxury housing and motor cars, and to turn expenditure more to productive investment. Only in this way can the prime objective of increasing the very low national income of £71 per head be realized. The workpeople of Greece have shown their hope and confidence in their country by ceasing to hoard gold, and by their keen desire to save what they can of their earnings. Many friends of Greece, however, have serious doubts about the extent and thoroughness of the measures for extracting taxes from the rich. Nevertheless, although Professor X. Zolotas, Governor of the Bank of Greece and an economist of considerable repute, has criticized the Government for the slow rate of progress in implementing the 1950-53 four-year programme of industrial projects, M. Karamanlis was able to tell Parliament before the Boule was dissolved that the 1958 Budget would be balanced, with a surplus of 1,200,000 drachmae (78.15 drachmae to the £ sterling)—total revenue 13,300 million drachmae, expenditure 121,000 million drachmae. For 1958 the total earmarked for capital investment has been fixed at 2,640 million drachmae, against 1,900 million in 1957, and productive investments would further absorb 1,870 million drachmae from various Government agencies and private enterprise.

The Prime Minister also said that, if the rate of economic progress maintained during the previous years were to continue, the national income would increase by 40 to 50 per cent within the next five years. If M. Zolotas's hope of getting the three main agencies of economic development—the Government, private enterprise, and the Banks—to play their part effectively is realized, there is no reason to doubt this goal may be reached and even passed. As the urgent need of the Greek reconstruction programme is capital, it is a point of great interest that on his return from a visit to the United States M. Zolotas told a Press conference in Athens that in all his contacts in America he had found that international confidence in the Greek economy had been restored. This confidence was based largely on American officials and diplomats reporting back to Washington on their views of the Greek economic situation, which is so closely inter-related with Greece's important strategic role in the Eastern Mediterranean defensive system.

The Greeks hope that eventually the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development will back their programmes. But the World Bank is reluctant to make any arrangements until Greece has settled her foreign debts, amounting to about 220 million dollars. The Greeks want the World Bank to waive this condition, as they did in the case of Guatemala.



This request is a reasonable one, since Greece must first get on her feet economically if she is to repay her foreign debtors. With her limited resources, but with greater brains and business abilities than those of the Turks, who have received much more American aid, but whose economic position has come near disaster, she may conceivably, given the necessary financial help from foreign sources, register a spectacular success. It is, of course, essential that Greek investment policies, as M. Zolotas has mentioned, should have some regard to the proposed European Common Market. What is more important, however, is that Greek industrial enterprises should be internationally competitive. If Greek agriculture has a limited expansion, even with the most modern methods—Greek wines are to be improved and there will be an all-out drive to make Greece the "fruit and vegetable basket of Central Europe," with a £14 million per annum target income—there are several industrial factors of great significance that may actually revolutionize the Greek economy.

In the first place, the electrification of all Greece is going on rapidly, bringing current to mountain villages which for centuries have depended on oil lamps for light. From a total consumption in 1939 of 1,200 million kilowatts, the figure had risen to 1,500 million kilowatts by 1957, and in 1961 is expected to reach the 2,400 million mark. The effect on industry of plentiful and cheaper power can be imagined. In the second place, much hope is centred on the exploitation of Greek mineral resources, the extent of which remains unknown. Professor Zolotas, however, thinks that the large scale extraction and processing of Greek bauxite, chromite and nickeliferous ores should lead to a substantial increase of exports of basic industrial materials, with foreign exchange earnings exceeding 100 million dollars. Moreover, Mr. Bodossakis-Athanassiadis, Greece's number one industrialist and mineowner, recently announced at a special Press conference that after a five-month search throughout the country Greek and French scientists had discovered rich uranium and thorium deposits in five areas of Northern Greece. He added: "All specialists are confident that besides these five areas there are uranium and thorium deposits in other Greek regions. It is up to the State and private citizens to discover them. I have opened the road."

No doubt Mr. Bodossakis-Athanassiadis will not let the matter rest there, nor presumably the Government. The extension of the hydro-electric schemes will promote and facilitate the exploitation of such resources. More substantial in the immediate picture of the Greek economy is the new oil refinery, which will not only be capable of providing all domestic requirements of liquid fuels, but of saving the nation six million dollars of foreign exchange. Kindred industries will stem from the refinery's by-products. Main centre of the new industrial development is the Ptolemais lignite fields, which, it is anticipated, will yield 2,500,000 tons a year, with prospects of a considerable increase. This lignite will feed the thermo-electric plants, and will also be made into briquettes for the State Railways, and into coke for the factories. The nitrate fertilizer factory, based on Ptolemais lignite, is expected to add 18 million dollars to the national revenue. Another project is a sugar beet factory, the first in Greece, with a processing capacity of 2,000 tons of beetroot daily. This will provide about a third of the nation's requirements, and save four million dollars in foreign exchange.

munity courageously faced the challenge of their Government, and the second period of reconstruction, from 1951 to date, has been marked by an accelerated rate of agricultural development, as we have seen. By more intensive cultivation and co-operative methods, aided by the latest American ideas and agricultural machinery, it is confidently hoped that still greater yields of wheat, corn and other cereals will be recorded, given peace and stability. At present, the available arable land is crowded, with only 1.2 acres for each of the peasant farmers; this splinter ownership, when it is considered that 65 per cent of Greece's 8,050,000 population earn their living by tilling the soil, renders modern farming practices difficult and expensive.

The main aims of the Greek economy, of course, are to reduce imports, which have been running at the rate of £100 million, and thereby effect a saving in foreign exchange; to restrict consumption, in such forms at any rate as those of luxury housing and motor cars, and to turn expenditure more to productive investment. Only in this way can the prime objective of increasing the very low national income of £71 per head be realized. The workpeople of Greece have shown their hope and confidence in their country by ceasing to hoard gold, and by their keen desire to save what they can of their earnings. Many friends of Greece, however, have serious doubts about the extent and thoroughness of the measures for extracting taxes from the rich. Nevertheless, although Professor X. Zolotas, Governor of the Bank of Greece and an economist of considerable repute, has criticized the Government for the slow rate of progress in implementing the 1950-53 four-year programme of industrial projects, M. Karamanlis was able to tell Parliament before the Boule was dissolved that the 1958 Budget would be balanced, with a surplus of 1,200,000 drachmae (78.15 drachmae to the £ sterling)—total revenue 13,300 million drachmae, expenditure 121,000 million drachmae. For 1958 the total earmarked for capital investment has been fixed at 2,640 million drachmae, against 1,900 million in 1957, and productive investments would further absorb 1,870 million drachmae from various Government agencies and private enterprise.

The Prime Minister also said that, if the rate of economic progress maintained during the previous years were to continue, the national income would increase by 40 to 50 per cent within the next five years. If M. Zolotas's hope of getting the three main agencies of economic development—the Government, private enterprise, and the Banks—to play their part effectively is realized, there is no reason to doubt this goal may be reached and even passed. As the urgent need of the Greek reconstruction programme is capital, it is a point of great interest that on his return from a visit to the United States M. Zolotas told a Press conference in Athens that in all his contacts in America he had found that international confidence in the Greek economy had been restored. This confidence was based largely on American officials and diplomats reporting back to Washington on their views of the Greek economic situation, which is so closely inter-related with Greece's important strategic role in the Eastern Mediterranean defensive system.

The Greeks hope that eventually the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development will back their programmes. But the World Bank is reluctant to make any arrangements until Greece has settled her foreign debts, amounting to about 220 million dollars. The Greeks want the World Bank to waive this condition, as they did in the case of Guatemala.



This request is a reasonable one, since Greece must first get on her feet economically if she is to repay her foreign debtors. With her limited resources, but with greater brains and business abilities than those of the Turks, who have received much more American aid, but whose economic position has come near disaster, she may conceivably, given the necessary financial help from foreign sources, register a spectacular success. It is, of course, essential that Greek investment policies, as M. Zolotas has mentioned, should have some regard to the proposed European Common Market. What is more important, however, is that Greek industrial enterprises should be internationally competitive. If Greek agriculture has a limited expansion, even with the most modern methods—Greek wines are to be improved and there will be an all-out drive to make Greece the "fruit and vegetable basket of Central Europe," with a £14 million per annum target income—there are several industrial factors of great significance that may actually revolutionize the Greek economy.

In the first place, the electrification of all Greece is going on rapidly, bringing current to mountain villages which for centuries have depended on oil lamps for light. From a total consumption in 1939 of 1,200 million kilowatts, the figure had risen to 1,500 million kilowatts by 1957, and in 1961 is expected to reach the 2,400 million mark. The effect on industry of plentiful and cheaper power can be imagined. In the second place, much hope is centred on the exploitation of Greek mineral resources, the extent of which remains unknown. Professor Zolotas, however, thinks that the large scale extraction and processing of Greek bauxite, chromite and nickeliferous ores should lead to a substantial increase of exports of basic industrial materials, with foreign exchange earnings exceeding 100 million dollars. Moreover, Mr. Bodossakis-Athanassiadis, Greece's number one industrialist and mineowner, recently announced at a special Press conference that after a five-month search throughout the country Greek and French scientists had discovered rich uranium and thorium deposits in five areas of Northern Greece. He added: "All specialists are confident that besides these five areas there are uranium and thorium deposits in other Greek regions. It is up to the State and private citizens to discover them. I have opened the road."

No doubt Mr. Bodossakis-Athanassiadis will not let the matter rest there, nor presumably the Government. The extension of the hydro-electric schemes will promote and facilitate the exploitation of such resources. More substantial in the immediate picture of the Greek economy is the new oil refinery, which will not only be capable of providing all domestic requirements of liquid fuels, but of saving the nation six million dollars of foreign exchange. Kindred industries will stem from the refinery's by-products. Main centre of the new industrial development is the Ptolemais lignite fields, which, it is anticipated, will yield 2,500,000 tons a year, with prospects of a considerable increase. This lignite will feed the thermo-electric plants, and will also be made into briquettes for the State Railways, and into coke for the factories. The nitrate fertilizer factory, based on Ptolemais lignite, is expected to add 18 million dollars to the national revenue. Another project is a sugar beet factory, the first in Greece, with a processing capacity of 2,000 tons of beetroot daily. This will provide about a third of the nation's requirements, and save four million dollars in foreign exchange.

Mr. Aristotle Onassis is playing a big part in Greece's economic development, and has entered into an agreement with the Greek Government whereby he acquires a monopoly in operating Greek airlines at home and abroad. He has recently entered the passenger-carrying business by purchasing from the Greek Government, for six million dollars, the vessels *Agamemnon* (5,514 tons) and the *Achilles* (5,509 tons). His brother-in-law, the Greek shipping magnate Mr. Stavros Niarchos, is financially interested in the construction of shipbuilding and ship repair yards in Greece, involving an outlay of up to 20 million dollars. The Greek company, Niarchos Shipbuilding Yards, has submitted to the Government a plan for the setting up of an iron and steel industry, in co-operation with the German firm of Krupp and Kopers. Tests by Krupp with Greek ore have given excellent results, and have confirmed the existence of high grade ore. It is estimated that the industry will eventually produce 300,000 tons annually, thus covering all home iron requirements and supplying the shipyards. The saving in foreign currency in this case would be 35 million dollars. Hitherto, the production of steel in Greece has reached 60,000 tons a year.

Two major industries in the Greek economy are shipping and tourism. Whilst the spectacular growth of the former has received a serious setback in the general maritime slump, as more than 56,000 Greek seamen provide grist for the Greek economy in their collective earnings, tourism opens a large and unlimited vista in a country that every educated person desires to visit. This, however, must await a future telling, excepting to say that the Greek Government is now engaged on an ambitious programme of building hotels in Athens and at all centres of cultural interest to meet the anticipated demand of the future. Road, rail and sea communications are being improved and extended. The resilience of the Greeks is seen nowhere more vividly than in the size of the Greek Merchant Fleet. Reduced to a mere skeleton of its former self by severe war losses, it had by 1952 reached a total of 1,278,000 gross tons, and by November, 1955, there was a fleet of 493 ocean-going vessels totalling 1,320,000 tons. Today, it is estimated that if all Greek-owned merchant ships were brought under the Greek flag, they would number 1,500 vessels, totalling more than 12 million tons, and ranking Greece as the third largest maritime power in the world, after the United States and Great Britain. Since 1953, easier taxes legislation has been introduced to attract more Greek shipping away from the "flags of convenience" of foreign nations.

THOMAS ANTHEM.

## THE SECOND EMPIRE XVI. THE MEXICAN FIASCO

THE new Emperor quickly recovered his spirits. If Mexico was to have a ruler from Europe no better choice could have been made. To his sense of duty and pride in his Hapsburg birth was added a romantic idealism, a thirst for adventure, the conviction that the task of serving and civilizing a backward country was well worth while. The reception on land-

ing was chilly enough, but on hearing a promising report from Bazaine he remarked: "The present is gloomy but the future is splendid."

The French Emperor plied the inexperienced ruler with advice, based on his own experience. "You must keep absolute power in your own hands for a long time. But it would be a great advantage, particularly in European eyes, if, after completing the organization of the country and settling all great outstanding problems, you were to summon a Congress for a day or two, the members to be nominated by you from elected municipal councillors. Tell them that after the full participation of the country you would work towards a constitution, and ask them to give you dictatorial powers for a few years. You have already achieved much good, and I rejoice that the whole world does you justice." King Leopold was equally lavish with advice, above all to look after the finances. Charlotte described the appalling situation to Eugénie. "From all I have seen there is room for a Monarchy and it meets the needs of the population; but it remains a gigantic experiment, for we have to struggle against the desert, the distance, the roads and the utter chaos. Everything calls for reconstruction. There is nothing, physical or moral, except what nature provides. Things will develop if Your Majesties stand by us, but the appalling task does not alarm us. We have dedicated ourselves to the task in full knowledge of what we are doing, and I was only surprised at the roads. Everything else I found better than I expected."

Difficulties increased rather than diminished. There was friction with Bazaine and the Church, and Maximilian's health began to deteriorate. Juarez was as active and mobile as ever. The end of the American Civil War in April, 1865, threatened irresistible pressure from the north. Charlotte stood the strain best, but they were fighting a losing battle and they knew it. Conscious of the growing unpopularity in France of the Mexican experiment, Napoleon III became impatient with the slow progress in the formation of a Mexican army, since he had merely intended to give the régime a good start. The death of King Leopold deprived his daughter and son-in-law of a fatherly friend and a wise counsellor. By the autumn of 1865 the Dictator realized that he would have to cut his losses. "The Emperor Maximilian," he wrote to Bazaine, "must understand that we cannot stay in Mexico for ever, and a national army should be formed as soon as possible." He further complained that his protégé had done nothing to enable him to live on his own financial resources. Since a conflict with the United States was unthinkable, he proposed that Austrian troops should replace the French. The letter was a shock to Maximilian, not only because the proposal was impracticable but because it revealed that his patron was preparing to break his solemn promises. To withdraw the troops, he replied, would not merely undo the results already achieved and shatter public confidence but tarnish the honour of France. "Time is indispensable for restoring a nation that has been shattered for half a century. The Mexican nation does not despair, relying on Your Majesty's formal declaration that your troops would not leave till their Commander-in-Chief pacified the country and crushed all opposition." The reproach wounded the French Emperor like an arrow in his heart but without weakening his resolve to throw in his hand.

If the patron flinched, the protégé declined to haul down the flag. "For nothing in the world," he confided to a friend, "would I give up my position

and return to the old life. I am struggling with difficulties, but fighting is my element and the life of Mexico is worth a struggle. Here my work has reaped gratitude and recognition, which I never knew in Europe. Both the country and the people are far better than their reputation." Idealism and heroism were not enough, for at the close of 1865 the United States demanded the withdrawal of French troops without softening the blow by any promise of recognition for Maximilian; Washington objected not merely to foreign troops but to foreign rulers. Hardly less decisive a factor was the refusal of Fould, French Minister of Finance, to find more money. The fateful announcement was conveyed in a letter from Napoleon III in January, 1866. Since the Corps Législatif would not longer pay for the French troops and Mexico was unable to do so, a gradual withdrawal as soon as possible was unavoidable. This would remove all pretext for American intervention. The Foreign Legion would remain for a few years. "I do not believe that Your Majesty's power can be shattered by a measure imposed on me by circumstances." The decision was announced at the opening of the Chamber. Austria could do nothing, for a struggle with Prussia was at hand.

When Maximilian realized that the game was up, Charlotte volunteered to go to Paris and Rome. She left in July and reached Paris when the Emperor's prestige had been shattered by his unimpressive role in the Austro-Prussian War. Since the safety of France was in danger, her resources were needed at home and Maximilian would have to fend for himself. Moreover the Emperor was weary, in constant pain, and depressed. Even the Empress had lost faith in the adventure. Charlotte's unheralded arrival was extremely unwelcome. While the Emperor wrote that he was ill in bed, the Empress called at the Grand Hotel, listened with sympathy to the story of disillusion and the renewed appeal for help, but could offer no consolation.

*Charlotte.* And the Emperor? Shall I not be able to see him?

*Eugénie.* He is unwell.

*Charlotte.* I must see him. Otherwise I shall break in.

In reporting the interview to her husband Charlotte reported that she knew less about China than "these people" about Mexico. She thought the Empress had lost much of her youth. "Amid all their greatness any sort of pressure is irksome to them and they can endure no longer."

Next day she was received at Saint Cloud and reiterated the demand of Maximilian and herself for the continuance of financial support and for the use of French troops till the whole country was pacified. As she described the desperate plight of her adopted country, reminded her host of his promises, and appealed to his sense of honour, he sat silent as tears rolled down his cheeks. At last he replied that he could do nothing more. After further talk Charlotte exclaimed that she would see the Ministers who were holding their master back, and the host undertook to consult them once again. The agitating interview had lasted an hour and a half. After interviewing the Ministers of Foreign Affairs, War and Finance and the Austrian Ambassador, she returned to Saint Cloud next day where a Ministerial Council unanimously decided to liquidate the adventure in view of the threat of war from the United States and the danger to the dynasty from the unpopularity of the enterprise. The Emperor, reported Charlotte to her husband after the interview, had been degenerating



physically and morally for the last two years; the Empress was incapable of directing affairs and did more harm than good. They were getting old and childish and were often in tears. Even now she refused to despair. A third interview took place when the Emperor called at her hotel. She implored him to summon the Chamber, dissolve it if it refused supplies, and issue a direct appeal to the country. It was all in vain.

*Emperor.* You must not indulge in illusions.

*Charlotte.* Your Majesty is directly concerned in this affair and should also not indulge in any.

At this point he rose, bowed, and left the room. Two days later she was officially informed that no further aid was possible.

Overwrought in mind and body she compared the Emperor to the Devil and his entourage to hell. On the eve of leaving Paris she reported the bad news to her husband. "I have given you a moral triumph, but he has hell on his side. It is not the Opposition, for he chooses the Chambers, still less anxiety about the United States. He intends a long premeditated crime, not out of cowardice or discouragement or any reason but because he is the evil principle on earth. To me he is the devil in person. He has never loved you, for he is incapable of loving. When I said goodbye yesterday he even kissed my hand, but it is playacting. The reign is nearing its end and then we shall be able to breathe again." The first symptoms of mental derangement now appeared, including a suspicion that an attempt to poison her with a glass of orangeade had been made at Saint Cloud.

"We had great pleasure in receiving the Empress Charlotte," reported the Emperor to Maximilian on August 29, 1866, "but it was very painful to me to be unable to accede to her requests. Henceforward it is impossible for me to give Mexico another *écu* or another man. Can you maintain yourself or will you have to abdicate? If the former, my troops will remain as agreed till 1867; if the latter, other measures will be needed. You should issue a manifesto explaining the noble ambition which led to your acceptance of the mandate offered by a large part of the Mexican people, and set forth the insurmountable obstacles which have forced you to renounce your task. Then summon a representative assembly and have a government elected. Your Majesty will understand how painful it is for me to enter into such details, but it is no longer possible to lull ourselves with illusions, and the Mexican question, so far as it concerns France, must be settled once for all." Maximilian replied that he needed time to decide his future action. Charlotte's only remaining hope was the Pope, and the Emperor supplied a special train to the Italian frontier; but by the time she reached the Vatican after a brief visit to Miramar she had developed persecution mania in acute form. She quickly grew to believe that even the most faithful members of her entourage were in league to poison her and for a brief space that even her adored husband was in the plot. Overcome by emotion during her audience with the Pope and by his inability to help, she refused to leave the Vatican and a bed was made up for her in the Library. Convinced that she was about to be poisoned, she made her will and wrote a brief farewell to Maximilian.

The news that no aid could be expected from Europe reached Maximilian at the same time as the shattering blow of his wife's illness. Should he now leave with the French troops? After a phase of vacillation he decided to stay. The whole country was now in the hands of Juarez except Vera Cruz.

Mexico City, Puebla and Queretaro. There was no money to pay the troops, and the Generals quarrelled about strategy. The doomed ruler and Miramon, former Conservative President, transferred their headquarters to Queretaro, where they were promptly besieged. Three months later, after a series of unsuccessful sorties, the town was captured and they were taken prisoner. Appeals for clemency from the European Courts and Washington were ignored, and on June 19, 1867, the Prince, fearless and dignified to the last, was shot with two Generals at his side.

The news reached Paris as the Great Exhibition was closing, and there was a fierce outcry against the Emperor who was doubly responsible, first for initiating the enterprise and then for abandoning his protégé. "He will never recover from this curse," exclaimed Thiers; "this outrage will overwhelm him with the contempt of France." "The grief of the Empress is profound," telegraphed Metternich to Vienna. "I have seen them crying over the result which to some extent involves their responsibility. It is touching to see the Emperor so despised for his share in the horrible result in urging the Emperor Maximilian to accept this crown of thorns. It is hardly to be imagined what a deep impression the news has produced here." No one reproached him more bitterly than he reproached himself. "The appalling news has plunged us into the deepest grief," he telegraphed to Francis Joseph. "I both deplore and admire the Emperor's energy in fighting single-handed against a party which has only triumphed by treachery. I am inconsolable at having with the best intentions contributed towards such a lamentable result. Will Your Majesty accept the expression of sincerest and deepest regard?" The heart-broken widow lingered for another 60 years without regaining her reason. The whole enterprise had proved an unmitigated disaster: not a stick was saved from the wreck. French soldiers had died, French money had been poured out, French investments had been lost and the prestige of France had sunk to its lowest ebb since Waterloo. In the pregnant phrase of Metternich it was the Moscow of the Second Empire.

G. P. GOOCH

*To be continued.*

### THE DICKENS READINGS

**A** HUNDRED years ago—to be precise, on April 29, 1858—Charles Dickens appeared on the platform of the St. Martin's Hall, London, to give his first professional reading of excerpts from his own novels. That his success was immediate and enormous probably surprised no one who had already heard him read for charity or who knew, from his performances on the amateur stage, that he was endowed with a generous measure of histrionic skill. Yet it might have been better, both for Dickens and posterity, if the audiences at this and the subsequent readings of his first tour had, by giving him a merely lukewarm reception, discouraged him from carrying on with what his friend and future biographer, John Forster, condemned as a public exhibition for private gain unbecoming to a man of letters and a gentleman. For although it would be rash to assert that the readings alone killed Dickens, it seems tolerably clear that if he had given them up when it became obvious that the strain was having an adverse effect on his health, he might have lived a few years longer and thus, among other



things, have finished *Edwin Drood*. But it is fruitless to speculate on what might have been. Dickens "had long ago begun burning the candle at both ends," wrote G. K. Chesterton, redeeming the cliché with the just observation that "in the matter of natural endowments there have been few men with so great and glorious a candle to burn." It is, therefore, difficult to escape the conclusion that even if he had not devoted so much time during the last dozen years of his life to his reading tours of Britain and the U.S.A., he would have found some other outlet for his colossal energy which might have proved equally deleterious to his health.

Be that as it may, it is perhaps significant that when he first decided to give readings for his own profit, he was in the throes of an emotional upset about his failing marriage. "The domestic unhappiness remains so strong upon me," he wrote, "that I can't write and . . . can't rest one minute. In this condition, though nothing can alter or soften it, I have a turning notion that the mere physical effort and change of the readings would be good as another means of bearing it." Then, too, he wanted money for improvements to Gad's Hill, which he had bought two years before, and he thought, rightly, that it would come in faster from the readings than from a new novel. Whether he also thought that the readings would turn out to be the extraordinary triumph that they were is improbable. The fact remains that everywhere he went he was received with frantic enthusiasm and a demonstration of popular affection such as has never been accorded to any other English writer. As soon as he stepped on to the platform, walking, as was his habit, with his right shoulder thrust forward, flower in buttonhole, gloves in hand, he was greeted with thunderous applause which, renewed at the end of the performance, frequently continued until after he had changed his clothes and left the building. To us of the present day, inured as we are to the hysterical adulation inspired by certain types of entertainers, it may seem strange that people sometimes offered £5 for a stall to hear a novelist read; that fashionable women almost fought for the petals falling from his geranium buttonhole, stood with their chins wedged against the platform, or sat in heaps upon the steps. Yet such things happened, not once or twice, but on almost every one of his public appearances, and in places as far apart as Darlington and Dublin, as Washington and Wolverhampton.

It is difficult for us, who never heard him, to realize what it was that produced these effects on audience after audience. Something more than histrionic skill must have been the cause, although that undoubtedly had its place. There must have been some extraordinary magnetism in the reader himself, some flashing vitality that enabled him to transcend the mere mechanics of his art and almost hypnotize those seated crowds of people. It is certain that Carlyle, who did not praise lightly, asserted that "he had no conception, before hearing Dickens read, of what capacities lie in the human face and voice. No theatre stage could have had more players than seemed to flit about his face, and all tones were present." Carlyle was not the only one to comment on the physical transformation Dickens seemed to undergo as he passed from one character to another. "Watching him, hearkening to him," wrote Charles Kent, "his individuality altogether disappeared, and we saw before us instead, just as the case might happen to be, Mr. Pickwick, or Mrs. Gamp, or Dr. Marigold, or little Paul Dombey, or Mr. Squeers, or Sam Weller, or Mr. Peggotty, or some other of those immortal personages." Indeed, the only recorded criticism of Dickens's portrayal of any of his

characters came from an American who affirmed that he had no more idea of Sam Weller than a cow had of pleating shirts.

Of course, Dickens did not wholly rely on natural gifts to produce his effects. The texts of all the readings were revised time and time again, and in the margins were stage directions to himself, such as "Rising Action," "Snap your fingers," "Scrooge melting," and so on. Moreover, he practised assiduously and introduced a new reading to the public only when he had achieved absolute mastery over every episode and perfection in the intonation of every syllable. The reading from *Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions* he rehearsed more than 200 times, and even then he hesitated to add it to his repertoire until a group of friends, among whom was Robert Browning, had heard it in private and pronounced it good. He devised 16 readings in all. His own favourite was the continuous narrative of *David Copperfield*, introduced on his second tour, but it was *A Christmas Carol* which was the most consistently popular with his audiences. Other firm favourites were the Trial and Bob Sawyer's Party from *Pickwick*, the Squeers scenes from *Nicholas Nickleby*, and the Death of Little Paul from *Dombey and Son*, the last of which seldom failed to move almost every listener to tears. He had his failures, too; but because he was the most popular Englishman of his age, because of his preternatural power over an audience, because, in short, he was Dickens, even these were received with little less than the usual amount of rapturous attention. Nevertheless, both *The Boy at Mugby* and *The Barbox Brothers* were quietly dropped from his repertoire as soon as they decently could be. But after the first tour of 1858/59, during which his health had been good enough to enable him almost to enjoy the perpetual rush from station to hotel, from hotel to hall, from hall to station, the readings imposed great strain on him. He began to suffer from an excruciating pain and swelling in his right foot. He was also afflicted, intermittently, with palpitation, buzzing in the head and difficulty in breathing. And during his American tour of 1867/68, when he gave no fewer than 76 readings in 20 weeks, the long distances he had to travel and the inordinate severity of the weather took such a toll of his strength that he was several times on the verge of collapse. Yet the sea voyage home seemed to do him so much good that his doctor, seeing him shortly after his return, exclaimed: "Good Lord! Seven years younger!"

It was unfortunate that Dickens took this seeming improvement in his health to be more complete than it really was, because it encouraged him to carry out a farewell reading tour at home. It was even more unfortunate that for a new reading he should have chosen the murder of Nancy by Bill Sikes from *Oliver Twist*, since by so doing he probably signed his own death warrant. Yet even he hesitated at first about introducing it into his repertoire, because it might be "so horrible as to keep them away another time." But in spite of the objections of his family and friends, who had attended a private rehearsal of the reading and had sat petrified as Dickens, with appalling realism, had simulated Nancy's last gasping shrieks, when Mrs. Keeley, the famous actress, informed him that "the public have been looking for a sensation these last 50 years or so, and by heaven, they have got it!" he hesitated no longer. He gave the first public reading of the Murder at the beginning of 1869, and from the first its reception was all he had hoped for. A friend wrote to him: "I am bound to tell you that I had an almost irresistible impulse upon me to scream, and if anyone had cried out I should

have followed." At Clifton a dozen to 20 young women "were carried out stiff and rigid," and at Edinburgh Dickens noticed after the performance that Ballantyne, his face drained of colour, "sat staring over a glass of champagne in the wildest way." The effect of the Murder on Dickens himself was very serious. When he read it his pulse jumped from 72 to 110 or 120, and afterwards he was so utterly prostrated that he had regularly to be helped to his retiring room, where he would have to lie down for 10 minutes "before he could utter a rational or consecutive sentence." He also had a recurrence of the severe pain in his foot, and when an attack of giddiness at Blackpool was followed at Chester by a deadness of the left side, his doctors, rightly judging that he was on the verge of paralysis, forbade him to read again for several months. Later, however, they so far relented as to allow him to give 12 farewell readings, at the same time hinting that if he read the Murder again they would not be answerable for the consequences. But Dickens would not listen. His "atrocious novelty" had become an obsession with him, and although, when he read it for the last time in March, 1870, he had his customary success, it was noticed that his gestures and movements were those of a tired old man. He was, in truth, but a wraith of his former self. The 423 readings he had given in the previous 12 years may have brought him in the large sum of £45,000, but they had undoubtedly condemned him to an early death. Whether he himself realized this is doubtful. All the evidence suggests that where his health was concerned he refused to look facts in the face. To the last he seems to have had the impression that the irregular action of his heart was of nervous origin, that his paralytic symptoms were caused by something in the medicine he was taking. Barely three months later, however, he fell from his chair at the dinner table, suffering a stroke from which he never regained consciousness.

It was left to another eminent Victorian, John Ruskin, to make the aptest comment on this melancholy event, when, in 1874, on being invited to give a series of lectures, he declined, remarking that "the miserable death of poor Dickens, when he might have been writing blessed books till he was 80, but for the pestiferous demand of the mob, is a very solemn warning to us all, if we would take it."

ROBERT WOODALL

## TRENDS IN SPAIN

**D**ESPITE the many political developments that have taken place in Spain during the past year, few observers could deny that Francisco Franco has continually strengthened his personal position. Confident that the NATO nations, of which Spain is an unofficial partner would not permit any change in the *status quo*, which could in turn jeopardize the huge American military installations in his domain, Franco has pursued a policy of playing off one political force against another. The broadening of the representation in the Cabinet a year ago served to sound the death knell of the direct influence of the Falange in the Government; however, let us not suppose that it has in any way lessened the party's influence as a political force. On the contrary, various "radical" elements within the party, now freed from responsibility to a Government of which they are not a part, may well provide the nucleus of an effective opposition.

José Antonio Giron, the young ex-Minister of Labour, who held his portfolio longer than any Minister under the Franco régime and was dismissed from office last February, had as Franco's spokesman to the workers gained considerable prestige in recent years. Senor Giron is today the leader of the "republican-radical" wing of the Falange.

By continually speaking out as being in favour of a return to power of the Monarchy, and in acquiescing to assumption of a dominant role by the Opus Dei, the Roman Catholic secular society, Franco has in actual fact been playing Machiavellian politics. He knows full well that the Spanish people would never want to see the return to power of the Monarchy or the resumption of the economic and political influence exercised by the Church in the past. The horrors and bloodshed dealt out during the "Asturian revolts" by the Monarchist Gil Robles-Lerroux Government of the Republic, in 1934, have not been erased from the memories of Spanish workers; nor have the large mass of Spaniards, including the still young adults, forgotten that when the Azana Government outlawed the Church, in 1933, the Jesuits literally controlled the entire economic framework of the nation—finance, public utilities, industries and shipping companies. Franco was well aware of the support he could expect, when last May, with impunity, he took the unprecedented step of announcing in the Press the arrests of prominent pro-Monarchist and Catholic leaders, including the editor-publisher brother of Dr. Angel Herrera, the Bishop of Malaga, who is the leader of the Catholic forces in Spain. The Falange youth, and the ex-Falange youth, are finding it difficult to alter their attitude towards the Monarchy, told as they were for years that the Monarchy was the root of most of Spain's past evils. An indication of the attitude of these young people was provided by the demonstrations by young *Falangistas* on November 20, the anniversary of the death of José Antonio Primo de Rivera, founder of the Falange Party, protesting against Franco's pronouncements regarding the return to power of the Monarchy. Bearing the above facts in mind, is it not a possibility that the Syndicalist-Republican-Falange may well develop into an effective opposition within the framework of the present Spanish political structure?

Events during the past few months have indicated that Franco is applying to foreign policy the same tactics with which he has been so successful on the home front. While the Americans have continued to invest millions of dollars on the Peninsula, Franco has changed his tune as regards the Soviet Union. Perhaps the most significant statement made concerning the successful launching of the first of the earth's satellites, indicative of this apparent change in attitude of the Spanish Government towards the Soviet Union, was made by Franco at the inauguration of an American built power plant. Franco said: "We cannot deny the political importance of the fact that a nation has succeeded in launching the first artificial satellite. This could not have happened in the old Russia. Whether we like it or not, such a feat could not be realized in a country disunited or where disorder reigned." Concrete evidence of this shift in policy were the months of negotiations with the Poles which culminated in a trade agreement in July, the first such agreement between Spain and a Communist power; and not only did a SEO (Falangist Student Organization) delegation represent Spain at the Moscow Youth Festival last summer, but few, if any, delegates to the International Geophysical Conference, at



Barcelona, were accorded the warm reception as were those from the U.S.S.R. Furthermore, athletes from behind the Iron Curtain, such as Emil Zatopek, have been making appearances in increasing numbers at Spanish sporting events over the past year.

Speculation that the Russians were willing to establish diplomatic relations with Madrid first came to light in February of 1957, when Spanish Republican Premier, Juan Negrin died in Paris. Negrin had, before he died, handed over the receipt for some £253 million of Spanish gold (or what remained of it) to Franco's representative in the French capital. This gold had been sent to Moscow by the Republicans for safe keeping during the Civil War. When denounced by some as a treacherous action, Negrin's Republican colleagues were quick to reply that the Soviet Union concurred with this move. Whether or not this is true we may never know, but if the Communist powers are to establish diplomatic relations with Madrid, this could well have been the opening move. These overtures on the part of the Spaniards are not simply the result of what the Spanish Press refers to as "diplomatic realism" but rather economic realism, considering the extent to which the nation stands to gain from trade with the Eastern Europeans. In the absence of effective domestic consumer demand, Spanish industrialists stand to reap rich rewards from foreign trade. As a result of the recent agreement with the Poles Spain will receive coal, of which she is greatly in need of, in exchange for shoes, cutlery and textiles. Though no official agreement has been signed with Czechoslovakia, Spanish oranges and wine have been, and continue to be, exchanged for Czech lorries and machinery. Talks are now going on between the Spaniards and East Germans and the signing of an agreement should take place soon.

Though it would very likely be most difficult to get the Spanish people to acquiesce to the return of the Monarchy, it would not be too difficult to get them to accept the establishment of diplomatic relations with the Russians. Spanish industrialists see unlimited vistas of trade with the Communist world; and the Falange who bitterly oppose American economic, military and cultural penetration of Spain know that a Russian Embassy in Madrid would cause indignant American protests. Would not Franco's hand be immensely strengthened with both American and Russian Embassies in his capital? Great Britain could quite possibly be the first of the major powers to feel the impact of "Spanish—Soviet friendship." Francisco Franco has never taken an official stand on the question of the return of Gibraltar to Spain: this having largely been the purview of the Falangist youth organizations. Would he hesitate to do so now? There is every likelihood that the admission of Spain to the Security Council of the United Nations Organization is but a matter of months. Will not a Spain, supported by some of the South-east Asian and Latin American nations, plus the Russian bloc, be in a position for exerting considerable pressure?

ORLANDO MARTINEZ.

## VICTOR HUGO AND THE FUTURE OF EUROPE

"RIVERS, like mighty trumpets, proclaim to the ocean the beauty of the earth, the cultivation of the fields, the splendour of cities and the glory of men." Winston Churchill might have conceived this



spacious image; and Bernard Shaw might well have written: "Catholicism is necessary for society and Protestantism for civilization." In fact, G.B.S. did, no doubt unwittingly, paraphrase this dictum in his celebrated, "Though all society is founded on intolerance, all improvement is founded on tolerance." Both of these Hugo pronouncements appear in *The Rhine*, a collection of impressions and reflections penned in 1839 and 1841 which, though a minor work compared with *Les Misérables* and *La Légende Des Siècles*, is illumined by rare flashes of genius and reveals the poet's matchless eye for the infinite variety of contour and colour in persons and things. Hugo magnificently evokes the grandeur of the castle-crested hills of Rhine—but does not forget the four fat German burghers he spied at a table heaped with fish, pasties, meat, fruit and wine, "the first red, the second crimson, the third purple, and the fourth violet." Waxing facetious in his zest for the enchanting Rhineland, he puns gaily, telling how each tourist tipped the French hussar whose pistol shot demonstrated the famous sevenfold echo of St. Goar, and then retired "après avoir payé son écho (écot)!" The prevailing mood of *The Rhine* is, however, a serious if not a solemn one. Perhaps no nation other than the Chinese, with whom Paul Morand has compared the French, has felt more strongly than the French that hallowed regard for the past which the Romans called *pietas*. It was Clemenceau who said: "The dead brought forth the living; the living will revere the dead." In this sentiment Hugo profoundly concurred, and much of his travelogue is an awed tribute to the epic figures whose ghosts he felt still haunted the banks of this "lion" of rivers—Caesar, Drusus, the great Electors, the Emperors, the saints, the fair women of legend and, most recently, Napoleon and Hoche. "The odour of blood still pervades the plain," he writes. "The perfume of sainted and beautiful women still lingers on the mountain side."

The rather unexpected estuary into which Hugo's *Rhine* flows (to use a metaphor which he might not have disdained) is an intriguing plan for European peace which he unfolds in his lengthy "Conclusion." To many his proposal will seem absurdly naive; to a few, perhaps, inspired; to all, certainly, curious and wistfully reminiscent of a world less complex than the one that confronts us today.

The essence of Hugo's scheme is as follows: In the past the peace of Europe was threatened by two predatory powers, Turkey and Spain. These have been largely devoured and replaced by two no less dangerous nations, Russia and Britain. The ideal means of frustrating their knavish designs on Europe would be the unification of that continent. But since this is impossible (it having been tried in vain by a great Frenchman) the next best thing is the consolidation of Europe by means of an *entente* between its two dominant powers, France and Germany (or Prussia), neither of which would accept unification under the ægis of the other. France and Germany would ideally complement each other. Germany "feels" and France "thinks," each thus performing one of the twin essential functions of "civilized man." Besides, Europe is big enough to provide an ample sphere of influence for both. Germany's would extend north and east from the Rhine and so equip her to contain Russia; France's, starting from the left bank of the Rhine, would stretch south and west, building her into a mighty bulwark against Britain. Furthermore, now that Napoleon had vanished from the European scene, no lasting cause of mutual fear or

antagonism need exist between them. A Prussia denied access to the ocean might conceivably be jealous of a France blessed with fine ports and miles of seaboard; and a France denied a defensible frontier on the Rhine might well fear Prussian aggression. Then let Prussia's legitimate desire for ocean frontage, Hugo argues, be gratified by the cession (at England's expense) of Hanover and the free ports of Hamburg and Bremen. And let France resume possession of the left bank of the Rhine. Thus Europe would know peace, since the two major powers would be content as they never had been content since the prevailing powers at the Congress of Vienna, eager to drive a wedge between France and Prussia, gave the Rhineland to the latter instead of the Hanover she needed both to gain the ocean and to round out her domain.

Rich dividends would accrue from the consequent *entente* between France and Prussia not only to Europe but to the world at large. Foiled in Europe, Russia would turn to Asia, where her murky light would shine relatively brightly against Asian darkness. Meanwhile Britain's traditional cupidity would lead her against the African savage whom, once subdued, it will be France's role to civilize. (France's failure in Algeria Hugo predicts, attributing it to the gulf separating her culture from the barbarity of the natives. Success in colonization demands a stiff dose of British ruthlessness!) Thus all the nations, the good and the less good—that is, those friendly and those hostile to France—will play their appointed part in implementing the divine plan for world peace . . . What will make this recipe appear incredibly naive to many is that it is based on the assumption that France alone holds the secret of civilization and that only French displeasure can seriously disturb the peace. On both these points Hugo is indeed humourlessly positive. For him French literature is not merely the world's greatest but the "only real" literature. To him Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg, London, are "mere cities," while Paris is "a brain . . . the metropolis of humanity." He fails notoriously to consider the possible consequences of Prussia's chagrin if the western half of the Rhineland were suddenly reft from her. Nor does it occur to him that, far from being satisfied with Hanover, Prussia might some day use the resources of a greater Germany in a bid for world conquest. Also he extravagantly flatters both France and Germany when he calls them the "head" and the "heart" respectively, little suspecting the *Schrecklichkeit* to which the "heart" would descend twice in a generation, and the acts of flagrant folly that the "head" would commit.

In extenuation of Hugo's chauvinism we must remember that in his day France was the only country wherein men had come to cherish the ideals of humanism and humanitarianism with genuine religious fervour. England had won partial freedom for Englishmen; France demanded total emancipation for all mankind in the name of the simple concept that "a man is a man"—a theory which has still not won universal acceptance in the Western world. Hugo's belief in Germany as fundamentally noble is likewise based on her substantial contribution to the arts of peace in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, before Prussian leaders began plugging for patriotism and militarism rather than for culture. Another curious shortcoming for the future seer of Guernsey is his failure to predict the growing prominence of the United States in world affairs. In 1841 he tersely disposes of the United States as "that colony whose

nationality is an affront" to elsewhere unchallenged Britain. How would he have evaluated, one wonders in passing, the influence exerted by this former colony today? Would he have sided with the Frenchmen who see in its might the strongest guarantee that the freedom inseparable from French civilization will not perish from the earth? Or would he, like many other thoughtful Frenchmen, have seen in a United States threatening to use atomic weapons in defence of her Arabian oil a modern Carthage fraught with greater menace to the culture of which France is the shrine than Britain, the ruthless commercial colossus of his day?

These errors of omission and commission conceded, it cannot be denied that Hugo showed a keen awareness of the direction from which the winds of war were to blow from his time to ours. And whatever the demerits of his plan, one can hardly contend that the consequences of adopting it might have been more disastrous than the consequences of failure to adopt it have been. In fact, a strong case can be made for the contention that none of the three wars that have ravaged Europe in the past 90 years would have occurred had Hanover been ceded to Prussia and the left bank of the Rhine to France, as Hugo recommended. Humiliated by Napoleon, Prussia had indeed reverted under Stein to the conviction that war, as Mirabeau put it, had to be her "national industry." But the cession of Hanover might well have prevented the emergence of the aggressive spirit necessary to grab it. And the lack of the Rhineland would have given Bismarck a deal less iron wherewith to implement his aim to make Prussia supreme in Europe. After Bismarck, of course, it was too late. Bismarck led inevitably to William II and he to Hitler, and European unity based on an *entente* between France and Germany was doomed. The threefold conflagration which Hugo predicted as a result of friction between a waning France and a waxing Prussia was lit by Germans rather than, as Hugo feared, by Frenchmen, but would there have been any conflagration at all if Hugo's plan had been adopted?

The argument that it could not have been adopted because Europe was not ready for it seems at first difficult to refute. Undeniably it took the horrors of World War II to chasten French and German statesmen to the point of readiness to settle the Saar question as amiably as Hugo would have had them settle that of the Rhineland over a century ago. At that time the need for a peaceful solution did not and could not have appeared as urgent as it does today. That is why, as Maurois points out, Hugo's scheme roused a storm of protest even in France, whose statesmen curiously saw only how powerful Hanover would make Prussia—not how secure the Rhine frontier would make France. But surely the unreadiness of Europe and the chauvinism of her statesmen were no reasons why Hugo should not have presented his plan and recommended its adoption with all the eloquence at his command! And one cannot but admire the tact wherewith he operates. In his apparent determination to see and hear no evil on either side of the Rhine, it is permissible to assume that he was by no means the simpleton we are at first tempted to think him. Emulating Lady Cecily in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion"—or for that matter any good school-teacher—he may well have hoped, by dint of constantly reminding France and Germany that they are "noble, generous, valiant," to shame them into actually being so.

Hugo's conviction that European unity is part of the divine plan ("It will

come! God alone knows how—but it will!”) is touching, but his consequent readiness to commend every move calculated to promote it is clearly dangerous. To cite the instinct of the beaver building its dam and that of Napoleon wading through blood to an imperial throne as parallel instances of Providence moving in our midst is to commit what most thoughtful people will pronounce as *non sequitur*, if for no other reason than to deny the divine right of Hitler. Certainly less fraught with pernicious consequences is Shaw's doctrine that the heavens are empty and that men are free to establish a hell or a heaven here below. In reality, of course, Hugo's and Shaw's positions are by no means as discrepant as the former's repeated reference to God and the latter's rejection of a conventional deity would suggest. God for Hugo is often little more than a synonym for destiny, a power even less personal than the Life Force which Shaw sees at work in all living things, now and for evermore.

Like Shaw, Hugo is positive that, whatever gods there be, they help those who help themselves, and that without the concerted efforts of men of goodwill peace is unattainable. His acceptance of the fact that men of illwill, like the poor, will always be with us precludes all callow proclamations that world peace and prosperity are, or ever will be, just around the corner. Wars and revolutions, Hugo affirms, will never vanish completely until the removal of their causes—the natural desire of peoples in the frozen North for a literal place in the sun, and the natural desire of the poor for a share in the world's wealth. Fortunately, though injustice is inherent in man's nature, the cold and the needy are gradually coming into their own, and the future looks steadily brighter. Despite the nightmares of the past 50 years and the uncertainty prevailing today the thoughtful student of human affairs will doubtless agree that the future *does* look brighter than it did when Hugo wrote. And even the sceptic may find Hugo's optimism infectious: Perpetual peace, he confidently concludes, is “a hyperbola on the asymptote of which humanity is travelling!”

ERIK M. STEEL

State University Teachers College,  
Brockport, New York.

## ARAB DISUNITY

**T**ODAY the battle for power in the Middle East is more intense than it has been since the Arabs revolted against the Ottoman Turks 40 years ago. The idea was then to form a united Arab empire, but only the progressive independence of a number of Arab States was materialized and no progress was made to achieve Arab unity. However, the Suez Canal incident of 1956 and the withdrawal of the British and French from Port Said created a perilous power-vacuum, the political consequences of which were felt throughout the Arab States. Gradually there became a strengthening of the political ties of the Arab world, which created a stronger unity not only among those States following a neutral policy, but also between them and those maintaining good relations with the West. This greater Arab solidarity can be easily understood because, apart from political issues, the Arabs have everything in common, and consider themselves different from the West. Their fear of being dominated



by the West is just as much responsible as Communism for them turning towards neutralism. This has made them sensitive to Western doctrines and to any alliance which an Arab country concludes with any country having a Western way of thinking.

It seemed that these common factors would provide a solid basis on which to establish a single united Arab empire. Undoubtedly they would have had not President Nasser tried to capture the leadership of the Arab world with his neutral and anti-British and anti-French policies. Instead the Arab world has been divided into two distinct and opposite units. On one hand is the United Arab Republic consisting of the fusion of Egypt and Syria with the accession of the Yemen, headed by President Nasser, and on the other hand is the Iraq-Jordanian federation. With the formation of the United Arab Republic Egypt and Syria are now regarded as one country with one flag, one army, and one people. There will be a central Cabinet and Parliament in which the Egyptians and Syrians will be represented in proportion to their numbers. Col. Nasser is President of the new republic and Shikri Kuwatly, who has been President of Syria, his deputy. Besides the union of the armed forces, the diplomatic services and foreign ministries will be amalgamated. There will be a common citizenship, but each territory will retain its own characteristics, and there will be separate administrations and legislatures for managing local affairs.

Although political union is complete, the economic fusion of the two States is likely to be spread over a period of five years. Both countries have different currencies, which do not have parity of value on the world's money market, and have different degrees of cover, while their foreign exchange is each controlled by a different policy. Apart from these facts, both Egypt and Syria are faced with economic difficulties of their own which are likely to take some years to solve. Syria is indebted to Russia for the loans she is lending her at a rate of interest of 2½ per cent per year, which she must eventually repay. Egypt also agreed to accept some £60 million worth of economic aid from Russia towards the end of last year. Until each is cleared of their debts to Russia and have built up a stable internal economy, economic fusion between the two States would involve several complications. Under the agreement providing for the accession of the Kingdom of the Yemen to the United Arab Republic, President Nasser and the King become members of a supreme council with equal rights to veto decisions put forward by the other. The Yemen has united its armed forces and diplomatic services with those of Egypt and Syria. The Yemen decided to join with the United Arab Republic mainly to obtain more support for its claim on British Adam: any other reason for its accession is unconvincing. Yemen has nothing in common with Egypt or Syria. It is absolutely ruled by the monarch in a mediæval tradition, and is socially and culturally centuries behind all other Arab States. Moreover, its position at the end of the Arabian peninsula makes political union with the United Arab Republic somewhat impractical. In fact, the absence of a common frontier between any of the three countries is likely to bring difficulties in the administration of the new unit.

The union of Egypt and Syria has not been so much founded on the similarities between the two countries as the difference in their political systems could have made integration impossible. Thus the union was established on the foundation that both countries had identical foreign



policies for the past two years. In accordance with Egyptian foreign and economic policy, the Syrian Ba'ath Socialist Party, which were the main force in the Syrian Government, have been working with the Communist Party, following an anti-Western policy and strengthening Syria's relations with the Soviet Union. The Syrian Communist Party began to gain strength at an alarming rate, which caused the Ba'aths such concern that they asked for union with Egypt as President Nasser restricted the activities of the Communists in Egypt in order to secure his own position and not to jeopardize his neutral policy. The union is indeed a setback to the Syrian Communist Party as a single-party system similar to President Nasser's own National Union will now function in Syria. Had it not been for increasing Communist activity the United Arab Republic would not have materialized.

The Iraq-Jordanian federation has been founded as a rival to the United Arab Republic, the ultimate aim of both being to unite and lead the Arab world. Although there are similarities between the two unions, the former is more real and has more favourable conditions for lasting than the latter. The federation was formed after an agreement was signed between King Feisal of Iraq and King Hussein of Jordan, which makes King Feisal the head of the union and King Hussein his deputy. There will be a Federal Cabinet and Parliament, in which the people of Iraq and Jordan will have equal representation. Each King will retain his constitutional rights over his own country which will have its own government and legislature. The Federal Parliament will consist of 40 members, 20 from Iraq and 20 from Jordan. The armed forces will be united, and foreign affairs, currency, banking, and foreign trade, including foreign exchange, will become federal responsibility. There will, of course, be a common citizenship. Iraq will contribute 80 per cent towards the federation's expenditure and Jordan 20 per cent. This will allow Jordan to save large sums from her national Budget for developing industries as a means to raise her standard of living. A most important clause in the Constitution is that each member can preserve its obligations under treaties made before the union. This means that Iraq can still continue to be a member of the Baghdad Pact. Jordan will benefit from the union as she will save on her diplomatic services, but her position in the United Nations will not be affected. Moreover, the abolition of customs between the two countries will help to increase Jordan's exports.

Generally speaking the Iraq-Jordanian federation has almost everything in its favour for their currencies are based on sterling; they have a common frontier; their kings are second cousins; and their armed forces are trained and equipped by the same methods. None of these similarities exist in the United Arab Republic. On the whole, the Iraq-Jordanian federation is definitely the stronger of the two unions both politically and economically. But which union will become supreme does, of course, depend on how the uncommitted Arab States will react to their foreign policies. It is now possible that Jordan will, like Iraq, join the Baghdad Pact and accept the Eisenhower doctrine. If she does, it will greatly increase the strength of the federation and make it even a more powerful rival to the United Arab Republic, which considers the Eisenhower doctrine irrelevant to Middle East realities. Although President Nasser professes a policy of strict neutrality, he has not hesitated to accept Soviet economic and military

aid, and is quite likely to go on doing so while the Communists continue to foster Arab nationalism. In this case Iraq and Jordan will have to continue to retain their good relations with the West as an insurance against losing their independence.

Both unions are open for other Arab States to join, but it is doubtful whether any of the other Arab monarchy countries will sacrifice their independence to come under a Nasser dictatorship. Despite several things in which they have in common with Egypt, the majority look to the West for their trade and economic aid, and are unlikely to forego these to please Nasser. King Saud of Saudi Arabia has openly criticized the new United Arab Republic, but he is reluctant to join with Iraq and Jordan to form a powerful union against it. There are several reasons why he is unwilling to share the wealth of his oil resources with Iraq and Jordan which have a common frontier with Saudi Arabia. Although King Saud has accepted the Eisenhower doctrine and maintains good relations with the West he stands for Arab unity, and is unlikely to make any move that might hinder this aim. He is opposed to Iraq's membership of the Baghdad Pact mainly on these grounds. But it must not be forgotten that important Saudi oil pipelines pass through Syria, and those bring the King a large revenue. Therefore, by joining the Iraq-Jordanian federation King Saud would have to give up a valuable source of income. For the present at least Saudi Arabia is likely to remain outside either union. The creation of two separate political unions with almost opposite foreign policies has in fact divided the Arab world rather than unite it. It has produced a political situation which the Communists might easily exploit if the Western Powers fail to take the initiative. The two schools of thought which today divide Arab nationalism are both capable of deciding not only the future of the Arab world, but also that of the Middle East as a whole. In fact, West-East rivalry in this region has been intensified by the formation of the two unions. During the past year the Soviet Union has given its full support to Arab nationalism, and through its offer of economic and military aid to independent Arab States has done much to increase the anti-Western tension caused by the Suez affair. Little counter measures have come either from Britain or France against this Russian initiative, because their own economic position limits their action of advancing assistance. Therefore, it has been left to the United States to try and outbid Russia in the Arab world. The United States has formulated its own Middle East policy, which aims at getting as many Arab countries as possible to accept the Eisenhower doctrine.

The only thing that can bring a solution to the Arab problem is the easing of tension between Israel and the Arab States. At present their real fear is Israel, so it is doubtful whether the uncommitted Arab countries will accept the American Middle East policy so long as the United States is prepared to assist Israel in any direction. Moreover, the Russian propaganda against Israel has been helpful in convincing the Arabs that the Communists have no motives behind their support of Arab nationalism. Thus the present position of the Arab world does not concern only the Arabs themselves, but also the Western Powers and Russia. The future of the Arabs will depend on which of these two blocs will win over the majority of the Arabs.

E. H. RAWLINGS.

## A VISIT TO MACAO

THE guidebooks call Macao the oldest foreign settlement in the Far East. A hundred years ago a visitor wrote of its "air of respectable antiquity," and a correspondent of *The Times* said that it had "the appearance of a past greatness. If we except the houses of the Praya, 'Fuit' is written upon every wall." There was a time when people who should have known referred to it as the wickedest city in the world. Opium, gambling, prostitution, exotic and mysterious vices—all were reputed to flourish here. And the twentieth century reality? A little disappointing, drabber than one had supposed; less colourful than the advertisements led one to suspect.

Sixty years after Vasco da Gama had found a way to India through the storms of the Cape, Portuguese sailors and traders had made contact with China and established a settlement at Macao. Before their arrival Chinese pirates had used this harbour as a base for their raids up the inlets of the South China coast; and it was as a reward for destroying the menace of these marauders that the Portuguese were allowed to found a colony. This was almost exactly 400 years ago. Macao lies across the mouth of the Pearl River, some 40 miles west of Hong Kong. Regular steamers today link the two colonies together by day and night. The trip takes three and a half hours through junk-infested waters. The junks are part of the history of this seaboard. For centuries they have carried pirates, traders and fishermen across these bays and inlets. It is anybody's guess how much they smuggle to and from China today. Nobody really controls the junks of the China coast. The customs can keep an easier check on the steamers and the people who use them: the gamblers who hope to make a fortune playing fan-tan; the tourists weighted down with cameras; the Chinese returning home; the Catholic priests returning to their fold; the secret agents of the Kuomintang and the agents of Red China; and the whole anonymous mass of the common people who travel steerage.

Macao is redolent of history, and nowhere was I more conscious of this than when I stood on the ramparts of the old Portuguese Fort on the day after my arrival and looked down on the ruined facade of the Church of St. Paul. The grass grows green where the nave was, and the wide, worn stone steps lead up to it from the cobbled Avenida do Santa Antonio. This noble baroque facade is the most magnificent and striking of ruins. It is not old by the standards by which the Chinese or Indians measure their ruins, and not old compared with the treasures of Rome or the cathedral churches of Western Europe. It was built in the early decades of the seventeenth century and almost totally destroyed by fire in 1835. Only the facade with its niches of weathered saints, with its central figure of the Virgin Mary and the representation of Christ with the Dove in the centre of the top tier—only this towering front remains to tell of the church the Jesuits built as the eastern outpost of the Faith. Of the seminary and college that formerly stood on the same site the fire left nothing. But here the zealous missionaries from the West, who had come, inspired by the dream and death of St. Francis Xavier, in the wake of da Gama, learned Chinese and compiled dictionaries, equipping themselves in preparation for the vision that had come to them of a world won for Christ. From this church and seminary dedicated to the Mother of God the priests set out to win the countries of the East. Many of them laid down their lives. Has not this College of St. Paul been called the seminary of martyrs?

The Protestants came much later; and the churchyard which is the special pilgrim place of Protestants lies to the north of the Catholic ruin, inside a high wall at the foot of the hill where the Portuguese poet, Camoens, is said to have written part of the *Lusiad*. It was raining hard when I photographed the flat, rectangular tombs of Robert Morrison and his wife who lie here under the dark trees side by side. It was in 1807 that Morrison reached Macao, and he died in the Canton Xavier never reached in 1834. In all that time he is said to have made only 10 Chinese converts. But the Bible he translated and the Anglo-Chinese Dictionary he compiled were channels by which western ideas started to penetrate increasing numbers of Chinese minds. In the schools and universities which Morrison's successors founded in China were born the ideas which, within a century, were to change the unchanging East beyond all recognition.

Macao has a frontier with China. Since the time it was first leased to Portugal the Chinese set a barrier across the thin neck of the pendant peninsula to keep the merchants out of China—a barrier where they could control the ingress of the western barbarians who came to trade, convert and exploit. In a cycle rickshaw I bumped northwards through the cobbled streets and between the peeling plaster walls of the old houses. Then I found myself on a straight road which led to the Porta do Cerco or Barrier Gate and—if I had been allowed to go beyond it—would have taken me through the West River delta to Canton. The rickshaw boy stopped before we got to the gate. He hissed "No photo! No photo!" at me as I fumbled with my camera. At the gateway to Red China photographs are forbidden. It is a casual frontier. Chinese pedestrians sauntered through the gate as I watched, the police and customs men peeping nonchalantly into their belongings and perfunctorily examining the passes. I knew that for years the Chinese had been passing through the Porta do Cerco, bringing their pigs and vegetables into the colony and carrying back fish into Kwangtung. Here the Bamboo Curtain had a chink in it. There was no enormous notice to warn the pedestrians going north that they were leaving the portals of the Free World; there were no guns and no barbed wire. The fuss was kept to the minimum. The Portuguese are realistic, and have long since discovered that it is the better part of wisdom to live peaceably with their great neighbour. The oldest foreign settlement in the Far East exists on sufferance.

Some are more aware of this than others. The worried and nervous are leaving. In Hong Kong I had heard of a Chinese mother and daughter who had given up jobs and a comfortable house in Macao to join the overcrowded millions in Hong Kong and Kowloon. They felt safer there. They preferred to live in a single room in a packed apartment house to staying on with the 30,000 other refugees from China who live in Macao. The tidal movements of mankind which have pushed thousands from Europe to Asia have pushed thousands more from the cities of Asia to the margins of the sea. Like flotsam they await the next tide; they do not belong anywhere any more. Many live on the brink of starvation. I met one of them. He was a tall, thin man with a mildly scholarly air, dressed in a rumpled, thin, blue-grey suit and down-at-heel suede shoes. He said "Good morning!" to me while I was sitting in Camoens Park hoping the rain would stop. At first I took him for another guide and paid him little attention. He was not a guide, he told me in very good English; he was a refugee schoolmaster from Shanghai. He was a Eurasian, a not unhandsome man, too much



ravaged by suffering and malnutrition. "I live on a broken-down boat," he said. "You can see it from the top of the hill. I've a wife and two children," he added. He did not say this with a professional beggar's whine, but simply as a man stating a fact that would have to be reckoned with one day when the sum of things was finally added up and the judgments of God given.

You can divide the refugees from China into two main groups: the wealthy who left in good time and managed to take the bulk of their fortunes with them; and the others who stayed to see if they would fit into the new way of doing things. Most of the latter loved China, either because it was their homeland or because their jobs were there, and they were not interested in politics. So they stayed on until the tensions increased between East and West, and the Chinese Communists started to develop their well-known propensity for seeing a counter-revolutionary under every stone and a running dog of the capitalists up every tree. Then they had little choice—like Terry Rodriguez. She was Portuguese and I had known her in Canton 10 years ago; she was still dainty and pretty and not a bit like a counter-revolutionary. I ran into her on the afternoon I was starting back to Hong Kong, and she started to tell me all about the years between our meetings. "We stayed through the Liberation, but then we had to go. There really was not any choice. Daddy had worked in Canton for 40 years and my brothers and sisters all had jobs there. I was even born there, and of course we all spoke fluent Cantonese. But there were more and more restrictions and more and more people being accused of this and that. None of us felt safe. There just wasn't any security any longer. So we came here and were lucky enough to fall on our feet. I'm a hotel receptionist and all the family except Mummy have jobs. And we're hoping we shall be able to stay in Macao."

I could understand her wanting to stay, and Macao is used to refugees. This old, sleepy, quaintly European town with its ruined buildings and narrow streets, its wide avenues and banyan trees, its cobbled alleys lined with peeling plaster walls, its courtyards where potted plants decorate the flagstones and lush vegetation hides the walls, its churches and orphanages, its hospitals and schools—this town has sheltered them for four centuries in the name of God. Lepers and persecuted Christians, refugees from the Japanese, refugees from the Communists—all have found sanctuary here. So have the gamblers and the political intriguers, and the prostitutes who did not want to become rehabilitated members of the New China. A queer place is this island of Macao—secure so long as it remains unimportant; old and shabby and sleeping in the sunshine; its trade with China keeping it alive; its door still open to people in search of those twin dreams of man—freedom and security.

BERNARD LLEWELLYN

## FLIES AND MAN

**I**N this country, as in almost all others, summer-time marks the intensification of the fly menace. If we regard rats with apathetic toleration, infestation by flies must be noticed and dealt with, however half-heartedly, for these ubiquitous and prolific insects, forming as they do one of the gravest and most widespread dangers to public health and the greatest



enemy of hygiene, abound in their myriads everywhere in our midst, in our homes, and above all, wherever human food is manufactured, prepared, sold or eaten. There are 23 species of small pests of the house-fly type, and over 300 of the rather larger flesh-fly group, but the menace comes from, and this article is wholly concerned with, *Musca domestica*, the too-familiar common house-fly, and from the larger variety, the house-invading blue-bottles and greenbottles. Against no other insect, with only the possible exception of the disease-free locust, can such a serious charge of real and lasting harm be levelled. The wonder is, as with all pests, that mankind has not simply and directly devoted a large proportion of its energy to annihilating them with every scientific aid at its command. But this has not been so, and seems unlikely to be so for some time to come. So meanwhile flies, among so many other pests, are always with us, that is, until we can devise adequate means not only of killing off immense numbers of them, but of so spreading effective propaganda that they never have the slenderest chance of taking hold upon human habitations. For the fly danger has its sordid roots in the lack of cleanliness, order and simple care, especially, as we shall see shortly, in the all-important matter of food handling, about which a lot continues to be said but little to be done. A really enlightened approach to flies has long been overdue, for although most people in summer take some steps towards ridding their premises of the irritating insects, few deal effectively with the cause of the trouble. And as with rats, one of two careless people may so encourage the pests that they spread—and with the power of flight denied to the rodents they spread quickly and extensively—to well-run homes and kitchens, with merely a continuation of the danger to health. Experiments have shown that most flies move around in a six-mile radius, while individuals may travel on journeys of up to 13 miles on occasion.

What is the real extent of the menace house-flies form to human health? As is well known, both their habits and their anatomy fit them admirably as germ-carriers, and their fondness for decaying faecal matter makes the range of diseases they may spread evilly wide. There is good evidence to show that they may be responsible for transmitting tuberculosis, typhoid, leprosy, cholera, dysentery, trachoma and anthrax, with possibly others as well. The periodic epidemics of that tragic enteric infection known euphemistically as "summer diarrhoea" which takes its annual toll of so many young babies are thought to be almost certainly due to house-flies. Furthermore, most of these insects may carry about their bodies the eggs of tapeworms, hookworms, threadworms and roundworms. A fly's hairy legs and abdomen may abound in these and other harmful eggs of parasites, and their way of standing on human food when stealing it makes the regular depositing of these injurious objects in the most likely places for their assimilation a daily occurrence.

Before any worthwhile grasp of the fly problem can be made, and methods for countering it fully appreciated, it is necessary to know a good deal about the natural history of the insects themselves. Only by a clear, objective, unvarnished knowledge of the ways of the house-fly can we hope to reduce the harm it does. House-flies are always adult and sexually mature in the familiar winged stage, and after mating, which often takes place during an aerial "dance," the hunger of the females increases, and they feed copiously in the intervals between laying their batches of 100-150 millimetre-long

white waxy cigar-shaped eggs. A total of some 600-1,500 eggs is laid by each female in her lifetime. The eggs are laid in the kind of food most suitable for the rapid growth and development of the larvae, and as these grubs are mainly filth-eaters the eggs are largely deposited in manure of all kinds. Considerable numbers are also laid in carrion, rotting vegetable matter and human foodstuffs known to the parent flies, chiefly meat, fish, puddings and household refuse. Of this last, stale and partially decomposing tea-leaves afford by far the most attractive breeding ground. A series of experiments at the Rothamsted Experimental Station revealed that of all these various sites for egg-laying by female flies none was more popular than tea-leaves, not even manure itself; the moral here for housewives and catering establishments is obvious. There are one or two other foods, principally sugar and bread and jam, to which adult house-flies go for food rather than for egg-laying, while they are also attracted to the skins of men and animals by the sweat, which they delight to suck. Ideally, under the hot and damp conditions in midsummer in these egg-sites, especially when decomposition is in progress, as in dung, rotting vegetation or bad meat, tea-leaves, etc., the eggs take only about 10 hours to hatch when the temperature is between 77° and 95°F.

House-flies are greatly affected by humidity and air temperature, which is why they abound in summer and prefer indoor habitations. Their eggs hatch rapidly in warm weather, three days being about the longest time required in summer. The resultant maggots teem in their decaying nursery, feeding ceaselessly. At their front ends lie pairs of hooks side by side. These draw the creature forward into its food and then discharge a salivary fluid on to the food to aid its absorption by making it liquid. Although sightless the grubs are sensitive to light and prefer the dark, and they take a week or less to pupate, the resultant adult flies emerging usually within a few more days. Whilst there is a certain danger of gastric and intestinal disorders from the unsuspected taking of live maggots in meat or other foods, the primary danger lurks within the winged flies. Yet the maggots are a vital chain in the pest's life-cycle, and each is a potential disease-spreader itself. The grubs are easily destroyed with lime, but the adult flies must be kept from rubbish of all kinds so that no eggs are laid and no grubs hatch out. When egg-laying is unchecked the production of maggots may be appalling in hot weather: in one experiment over 75,000 blowfly maggots were found in a heap of only 45 lbs. of refuse which had been exposed for only eight hours. And the ovipositors of the female house-fly are so long and strong that eggs may be laid through the holes in muslin covers on food, where these are foolishly left actually to touch the foodstuffs.

The feeding habits of the adult house-fly, together with the haunts from which they sprung and to which they return for breeding and feeding, are responsible for the menace to human happiness. When a fly settles on food, its legs filthy from its last resting-place, its first task is to render that dry food liquid enough to assimilate. This is done by ejecting a fine spray of fluid from the ends of the twin lobes projecting from its stout proboscis—a process which may easily be watched with a pocket lens. This is a form of salivary fluid containing enzymes which react on solid foodstuffs like bread, meat, fish, sugar, etc., and in a few seconds the mixture of the digestive fluid and the partially-treated food is then pumped up through the insect's food canal from tiny openings on the undersides of the proboscis

lobes, and thence to the crop. Later, the food mixture may be regurgitated by a system of blowing bubbles from the lobes, ensuring a further re-mixing of the food with the digestive enzymes. This nauseating practice often results in the spilling of half-absorbed food on to walls, ceilings and other food. In this way the fly contaminates its perch at least twice, through its saliva and its regurgitated food. It further scatters bacteria and possibly parasite eggs from its hairy body, rather like dust from a dirty brush, and voids its filthy excreta freely all the time. So it will be seen that a single fly has only to walk over a plate or a loaf of bread to leave a trail of unpleasantness, let alone actively feed. There is no direct evidence that the winged flies actually hibernate in winter, in fact, some probably keep alive and breed all through the winter in hot or warm atmospheres indoors; but somehow from a nucleus of winter survivors, all of which remain indoors somewhere, the vast breeding hordes are built up again the following year. Most of the house-fly population, however, dies off when the weather is cold.

So much for the pest: the methods of dealing with it are many and fall into two classes. On the one hand there is a bewildering array of more or less scientific devices for destroying the winged insects once they have invaded our buildings; on the other a smaller, less publicized set of ideas designed to reduce the menace before it begins in late spring. Of these two there is no question as to which is more important. Flies, like the diseases they carry, are better prevented than cured. Simply, but vitally, the sovereign remedy for flies is cleanliness, linked with order, extreme care and constant vigilance. If all lavatories were sterile, all sanitation was effective, and all rubbish and manure heaps were satisfactorily managed—in the country as in the heavily-populated towns—house-flies might not disappear completely, but they would have a very thin time and would no longer be a menace. Dung-heaps should be regularly turned to air decay by heat, in which eggs and maggots are speedily killed, and all rubbish, civic, industrial or household should be kept in tight-lidded containers and quickly burnt wherever possible. Special care is needed at places like hospitals, restaurants, hotels, slaughter-houses, intensive poultry-houses and similar places where refuse attractive to flies abounds. In severe cases where manure and refuse piles are infested large numbers of maggots may be trapped in tins filled with dry sand or chaff which have had slits cut in their sides. Above all, great care must be taken wherever human food is handled. If refuse of all kinds, even the seemingly innocuous kitchen waste and spent tea-leaves, is satisfactorily dealt with, the fly population invading kitchens and shops and restaurants would be small; and they would have to be kept off the food by covering everything as far as possible, using the refrigerator widely for storage, fitting pantries with fly-proof gauze windows, and keeping bread and cakes wrapped or in tins, and milk in sealed containers. From such ordered cleanliness only will the final death-knell of the house-fly arise, and meanwhile we have to impress widely the need for it, whilst going ahead with every possible means of reducing the population that is allowed to plague us. Even in the best-regulated buildings isolated flies will get in from elsewhere, although they do tend to avoid blue walls and blue curtains or windows, if these can be incorporated in interior schemes for kitchens. So it is obvious that for some years we shall have to use (and, it is to be hoped, we shall be able to perfect) fly-killers of various kinds to reduce the menace. But however efficacious these scientific insecticides may

become, they will never take the place of continuous enlightenment regarding scrupulous cleanliness in regard to refuse and food, and must never be allowed to do so in the public mind.

Probably the most efficient insecticide in current use is perhaps still DDT, and there have been many DDT preparations directed towards house-flies in particular, ranging from the not very effective hanging DDT-impregnated "fly-scarers" which rely on contact with the insects in a room, to the wholesale use of DDT dust in jungle fox-holes and blowfly infested slaughter-houses. Many ordinary flysprays on the market also rely on DDT as a killing agent, and much rewarding research continues to be done in the sphere of painting or coating walls with a wettable DDT powder, possibly even incorporated in paint or distemper, to kill all flies that settle there over a year or more. But in view of their arsenical origin there may be more danger in the use of DDT preparations for flies than we realise, especially in places where food is exposed to the sprays, etc. The same danger of remote poisoning may also perhaps be present in the newer insecticides Gammaxane and Gamma Benzene Hexachloride, but experience in this direction so far is limited. Perhaps the most promising line of development is with Pybuthrin, claimed to be nine times more effective than any other insecticide in use. This has a high "knock-down" effect on flies combined with a good rate of final kill. So many insecticides merely stun their victims for a while without killing them outright. And to show how complicated and tentative all our developments are, this mere "knock-down" effect is now combined against us by the evolution of flies that are actually resistant to the more potent killers. Whatever the insecticide used, it seems clear that the aerosol type flysprays have come to displace the older antidotes on long-handled swatter, messy arsenical fly-paper and the syringe-type hand-spray. The basic principle of the aerosol dispenser—a fine mist hanging in the air—is ideal for destroying all flying insects. Aerosol flysprays employ an insecticide of which the permitted tolerance is less than one part per million, thereby rendering them quite safe where foodstuffs are present. Research into even better sprays still continues, as it does into the whole question of this universal and recurrent problem. Determination to see the extinction of yet another outdated pest through the spread of progressive knowledge and enlightenment, plus modern scientific skill, may well see the end of the house-fly before very long: at least that represents a goal toward which we can all add our striving.

CLIVE BEECH

## STATE PENSIONS

THE Labour Party's plan for National Superannuation was published with the modest, scholarly appeal that it be used as a basis for discussion. In response economists and others have examined its long-ranging estimates and actuarial theories. Some of its critics, including the Minister of Pensions, have demonstrated inaccuracies or chancy guesses in its statistics. Debating points have been easily scored on whether the total contribution needed for the new pensions would have to be 10 per cent of



income, as the plan envisaged, or more, as the critics contend, or whether the estimates of income, outgo, or accumulated funds by 1980 or 2030 were two or three hundred million pounds out. This concentration on statistics is a pity, for it has distracted attention from what should have been the prior question of the political philosophy underlying the Labour proposals. Much of the discussion has put the cart before the horse by putting detail before principle. It has concerned itself with how the scheme would work, or whether it would work well, before asking whether it was desirable and should be worked at all.

The broad philosophy behind the new pension scheme has for some years been persuasively argued by Professor R. M. Titmuss, who, together with Dr. Brian Abel-Smith and Mr. Peter Townsend, is its architect. In brief, the view is that pensions are one of the social services which the Welfare State ought to supply to everyone, freely, equally, permanently. They would then confer on the whole community the protection of the State and give to every man, woman and child a mark or "badge of citizenship." It is not difficult to see how the notion evolved. Professor Titmuss is the author of the much-praised *Problems of Social Policy*, the Official War History of the social services. The upheavals of war produced emergencies that could not readily be handled by the market—evacuation, re-housing the victims of bombing, the distribution of iron rations, makeshift schooling, medical services. Only central or local public authorities with powers to override private rights and personal liberties could organize people and resources swiftly enough to meet rapidly changing needs. If these rights and liberties could be discounted for the duration, it is possible to argue that the State and its organs built up an apparatus of social provision and assistance—orange juice for babies, rent tribunals for parents, pension adjustments, allowances for this, grants for that, and so on, in bewildering variety—that were suited to the needs of a centrally directed, singly-motivated, siege economy. The wartime social services were, in many respects, a humanely administered and technically efficient umbrella under which all could shelter and be assured of basic requirements and protection from unexpected catastrophe.

It is easy to romanticize all this into a community working in selfless, happy harmony for the good of all: a big family in which the strong help the weak, the healthy the sick, and the fortunate the unfortunate. But this conception of society is a highly idealized simplification of a much more complex pattern. The wartime social service economy had its darker side, which cannot be passed over lightly in a realistic appraisal of social institutions and their suitability for the human beings they are to serve. The war and post-war controls drove into conflict the private purposes and the general advantage that are substantially harmonized in a free society. Even in this land of law-abiding, kindly, conscientious citizens they produced, however mildly, the string-pulling, the suborning of officials, the abuse of power, the jobbery, and the rest which on a much larger scale today disfigure every directed economy inside and outside the Iron Curtain. The "badges of citizenship" worn by some citizens in wartime Britain were sadly tarnished. They are no recommendation for a social service State. These lapses took place in spite of the all-compelling purpose—defeat of the enemy—that unified the nation and must have raised the general level of behaviour and intensified the sense of public service inspiring everyone's activities, civilian no less than Service. Personal hopes, ambitions and



freedoms were surrendered to the immediate national purpose. How much more tarnished would the "badges of citizenship" be in peacetime when the normal human instincts and motives hold sway?

We must not be cynical, but we must employ a proper and wholesome scepticism about human frailties and fallibilities. The same people act differently in different conditions. Some institutions evoke their best qualities, others their worst. What then is the quality of the "badges of citizenship" worn in the post-war Welfare State? Why is the time of doctors wasted by people who come to them with trifling ailments?—and wasted so much that doctors often cannot attend properly to those who are really ill? Why do people live in subsidized houses who can afford to pay market rents? Or accept "free" State education when they can run a motor car? Or, being able to support their aged parents, throw them on to State assistance? Why are young people who call for higher State education grants in order to avoid dependence on their parents prepared to accept dependence on other people's parents? If a family means test for pensioners is degrading because it involves dependence on children, why is it less degrading to accept money from other people's children? Is this what the Welfare State has done to people who in other circumstances can display, and have displayed, the most noble qualities? Whatever the merits of the Welfare State which have made it desirable in spite of its defects, we must not overlook the defects. The notion that supplying "free" services to all and sundry confers on everyone an honourable badge of citizenship breaks down because it strains human nature to breaking point: it brings out the worst, and often suppresses the best, in man.

The sad truth is that the "badge of citizenship" is a badge of dependence. It is based not only on a misreading of human nature but on a misunderstanding of the purpose of the Welfare State. The only circumstances in which assistance from the State, that is, from one's fellows, is compatible with self-respect are those in which one's own efforts cannot yield the basic requirements of life; assistance is then necessary to ensure them. Such help can be received with dignity and given with pride. Like Portia's mercy, it is twice blessed;

*It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.*

But to erect a vast State machine for taking from some who need it in order to give it to many who do not deprives the act of grace and makes it a cause of cynicism, bitterness, and social disruption. Let it be accepted that to relate State assistance to need involves the use of a test of means. Without it the end result can only be chaos. If assistance is to be given as a right without reference to need, everyone must receive every form of assistance so long as any one person can establish evidence of need for it. So we must all receive "free" State education as long as any one family suffers not only from Seebohm Rowntree's "primary poverty" of inadequate income but also from his "secondary poverty" arising from inability to dispose of it wisely. The logical conclusion of such a principle is universal subsidization that must collapse sooner or later when it collides with the need to maintain competitive trading strength in a world economy.

The error of applying these principles to pensions is evident. Fifty years ago it was right for the State to help old people in need; very many of them were in need since they had had little opportunity to save during their working years, and their children also were hard put to it to earn

a tolerable standard of living.<sup>1</sup> But now no one aged under 35 or 40 has known mass unemployment, slumps, doles, hunger marches, or the soup kitchen. There is no reason for continuing a system of State pensions to support in retirement those who can afford to save for it out of income. Certainly we should go on supporting the older generation that had no chance to save, and let us be as generous as we can.<sup>2</sup> But let us recognize that the circumstances in which there was a need for State assistance are passing away. To continue subsidized pensions for those who do not need it is to make the "badge of citizenship" a mark of sponging on one's fellow-citizens.

The fathers of English classical political economy understood these matters much better than some of us today. They displayed astonishing prescience in the role they assigned to State assistance. Mill laid it down that:

"... government aid ... should be so given as to be as far as possible a course of education for the people in the art of accomplishing great objects by individual energy and voluntary co-operation."

In a memorandum on popular education to the 1861 Royal Commission on Education Nassau Senior put the classical philosophy with uncanny clarity:

"We may look forward to the time when the labouring population may be safely entrusted with the education of their children; ... the assistance and superintendence ... of the Government for that purpose ... [is] ... only a means of preparing the labouring classes for a better but remote state of things ... in the latter part of the twentieth century ... when that assistance and superintendence shall no longer be necessary."<sup>3</sup> (My italics.)

In 1893, when Alfred Marshall was asked by the Royal Commission on the Aged Poor what he thought of "a universal scheme of pensions," he replied that he was opposed to them because

"their educational effect, though a true one ... would be indirect ... and they do not contain in themselves the seeds of their own disappearance. I am afraid that, if started, they would tend to become perpetual."<sup>3</sup>

How right he was! Those who would now erect a colossal new structure of State pensions in which the enterprising would subsidize the slothful or income would be transferred from right-hand pockets to left-hand pockets (with a large chunk for administrative drones lost on the way), would fix for all time a crutch that was designed to help the maturing members of a free society to stand on their own feet. Increasing income, a developing sense of responsibility, and growing awareness of the need

<sup>1</sup> Nevertheless, many of the poorer classes helped their parents in old age, and it is a question whether the bonds of the family have been weakened by the increasing provisions for old age in the Welfare State. The evidence adduced by Mr. Peter Townsend in *The Family Life of Old People* does not dispose of the view that private provision has been weakened by the increasing possibilities of public provision.

<sup>2</sup> But we shall not be able to be generous until we confine help to those who need it and weed out those who do not, including those with families that can support them.

<sup>3</sup> I am indebted for these quotations to an article in *Lloyds Bank Review*, 1953, "The Rationale of the Social Services," by Walter Hagenbuch, whose forthcoming book, *Social Economics* (Cambridge University Press Handbooks), should help to clarify some of the confused thinking about social policy that has been going round in the last few years. Professor Lionel Robbins' *The Theory of Economic Policy* (1952) shows the quality of classical economic thinking on the social services, and Professor Wilhelm Röpke's *Welfare, Freedom and Inflation* (1957) demonstrates the disruptive consequences of making the Welfare State the dominant aim of policy.

to take thought for the future are making it possible to dispense with this crutch. National Superannuation would beat it into a shackle. There are signs that shallow political thinking will be defeated by the elemental groping towards independence as civilization matures. The most self-respecting of the beneficiaries of the Welfare State are already beginning to throw off its comforting but degrading supports. They are paying for education and medical services; they are taking out life insurance; they are buying their homes. They are learning, with heartening speed, to stand on their own feet. In the end they will predominate, for the exhilaration of independence is more compelling than the deceptive solace of the crutch. Walter Lippmann's prose deserves to be written in blank verse:

*... the will to be free  
is perpetually renewed  
in every individual  
who uses his faculties  
and affirms his manhood.*

ARTHUR SELDON

## THE GIFT

### I

*In the winter cave at evening—  
To once-bitten Eve, twice shy of danger—  
To Adam, sanguine still of heaven,  
Appeared the glib immortal Stranger.  
Gathering tinder, rubbing stones  
Until the sparking fire-bird flew,  
He taught them how to warm their bones  
As furs and pelts could never do.  
His sleight-of-hand delighted Man  
(Who loves to learn such tricks as these).  
Even suspicious Eve began  
To see its possibilities  
And visualise a life of ease.  
"Tend the flame" bade the strange god,  
"Never, never let it die."  
Then he left them, with a nod,  
To vanish up the whirling sky.*

### II

*All night the blizzard raged—all night  
The couple fed their new-born flame,  
Glad at this easing of their plight,  
Yet troubled, Whence the Stranger came?  
"Fire hisses like the Snake" mused she,  
"Just like the Snake it writhes and coils.*

*The warmth is wonderful—but see  
 The Serpent's emblem on the walls!"*  
*Incorrigible optimist,  
 Adam proclaimed their Visitor  
 Grave messenger—a loyalist  
 Celestial ambassador.  
 He saw his future large and bright,  
 But she, her unborn children doomed,  
 Their generations fire-consumed.  
 Both trembled as, beyond the night,  
 Unseasonable thunder boomed.*

FRANCIS NEWBOLD

---

### BALLADE OF THE BREAKING SHELL

*And must the Spring inform me I am old,  
 That violets wake unseen at Orchard's Bay;  
 Unseen by me where croziered ferns unfold  
 Rivers of primrose through the beechwood stray?  
 "Tempus abire tibe!" screams the jay,  
 That blue-winged thief, "Your songs have all been sung,"  
 And yet a hidden thrush foretells the May.  
 I cannot see him but my heart is young.*

*And oh, my little thrush, be not too bold.  
 Blue pirates have such murderous tricks to play.  
 You know what happens. It has all been told  
 So many a thousand times before today.  
 Your mate remarks she has an egg to lay!  
 Her nest? My dear, you'd better hold your tongue.  
 A nest's a thing no warbling should betray.  
 I cannot see her but my heart is young.*

*And I've a secret too. This cracked and cold  
 Shell of a skull which time will toss away  
 Was my poor lanthorn. Think you it can hold  
 No candle to the feathers you display?  
 Believe me, it may house a sprite more gay  
 Than any you shall meet the leaves among.  
 The shell will break and mingle with the clay,  
 My Ariel wake, to be for ever young.*

*Sing on, dear thrush. Lost in the twilight grey,  
 I hear a vesper bell so sweetly rung,  
 I lift my heart up to the night and say  
 "Veni Creator, all my heart grows young."*

ALFRED NOYES



# LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

## HISTORIOGRAPHY

Professor Butterfield surveys historical accounts of the personal and party politics of the first 10 years of George III's reign, from the contemporary narratives in the *Annual Register* to the work of scholars of the present day. This method of study has a unique advantage through its power to indicate which features in the story possess the greatest survival value in face of the probings of successive generations of historians, standing out like igneous rock against the weathering of time when less durable deposits have been worn away, though the context of these features, and so even their significance, may be liable to change as a result of the examination and re-examination of source material. The historiographical section of the book, ending with a discussion of the contribution of Winstanley, provides, as it were, a back-cloth for an examination of the writings of what Professor Butterfield terms "the Namier School"; and the last hundred pages are mainly devoted to criticism of the works of Sir Lewis Namier and of Mr. John Brooke's recently published book, *The Chatham Administration*. This final part has the disadvantage for the non-specialist that it does not present any detailed reconstruction of the history of the period under consideration, and the isolation of the points discussed, necessary as this is for the development of Professor Butterfield's arguments, perhaps makes them, in some cases at least, loom rather larger than they should do when set within their context.

Perhaps through a pre-occupation with different themes, Professor Butterfield seems unwilling to concede that certain problems regarding the relationships of politicians and political groups may require separate elucidation as part of a contribution to the general history of the period; and he is therefore less than fair to Mr. Brooke, whose contributions to knowledge from hitherto unused manuscripts he completely ignores. Intent upon emphasizing dangers of excessive absorption in the problems of "structure of politics" he seems at times hardly to give "structure" its due: consequently, he exaggerates the strength of the Rockingham party in 1767 on the basis of figures the unreliability of which Mr. Brooke has demonstrated in several careful and convincing pages; and he leaves the reader rather confused about the identity of the "King's Friends" who appear in the argument sometimes as the Government servants and other members of the court and administration group, and at other times as the friends of Lord Bute (or perhaps both together)—Lord Rockingham, as Mr. Brooke shows, distinguished from the court group, a faction attached to Bute. These and other appearances of haste are the more unfortunate providing as they may do pretexts for summary confutation and dismissal, because Professor Butterfield also has things to say which merit attention and reflection. There will be little dissent from his observation that "perhaps the ideal kind of history is the kind in which a story is given and events are presented in motion, but the story is re-told so to speak in depth so that it acquires a new dimension; it is both structure and narrative combined." IAN R. CHRISTIE  
*George III and the Historians*. By Herbert Butterfield. Collins. 21s.

## A ZEST FOR HISTORY

*The Historical Association 1906-1956* (The Historical Association, 59a, Kennington Park Road, S.E.11, 9s. 6d.) records sustained and successful efforts to foster interest in the study of history through the formation of local branches, lectures and pamphlets by specialists, and its organ *History*. If there are still any teachers who are not members this little book should induce them to join. The small subscription brings a rich reward. Membership is not confined to teachers, and anyone with a zest for history will find it well worth

his while. The volume opens with the survey of the first 50 years first published in the Jubilee year, and is followed by six addresses delivered at the Jubilee meeting in 1956. Professor Norman Sykes discusses the relation of Christian doctrine to the historic process; Professor Butterfield and Sir Charles Webster survey the achievements of scholars and thinkers at home and abroad. Mr. Beales defines the good teacher as one capable of leaving his pupils with at least one historical enthusiasm. Impartiality, he adds, is obligatory, neutrality impossible; as C. P. Scott, owner and editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, used to say, "facts are sacred, comment is free." That is as true in the lecture room as in the office of the editor. Each of us makes—or ought to make—his own philosophy of history and his own scale of moral values. That we differ widely is not only inevitable but stimulating, for happily every mind and soul is unique. We can study Bossuet and Voltaire, Hegel and Comte, Buckle and Marx, Spengler and Toynbee, and disagree with them all if we will. Sir Steven Runciman pleads for the combination of scholarship and style, such as he has himself achieved in his *History of the Crusades*. The volume closes with a plea by Sir Kenneth Clark for the study of art history and of the masters of the craft from Vasari and Winckelmann to Burckhardt and Wölfflin. The humble scholar must select his special field, and if he works with his conscience, as Ranke said, as well as with his brain, he forms part of the vast company dedicated to the broadening and deepening of our understanding of the past.

#### A LIBERAL QUARTERLY

At a time when serious journals are rapidly disappearing with the increasing cost of production it is a pleasure to welcome *The Pall Mall Quarterly* (Pall Mall Press, 123 Pall Mall, S.W.1, 3s. 6d.). It succeeds *World Liberalism* which since 1950 has been the recognized organ of the Liberal International. There is a growing demand for a quarterly "catering for Liberals throughout the world" and, to judge by the first number, the need will be fully met. Within the compass of 70 pages the reader will find a dozen articles by experts from various countries, among them Lester Pearson (former Canadian Foreign Minister and now Leader of the Liberal Party in Canada) and Salvador de Madariaga, who pleads for Vienna as the obvious capital for Europe when there is a little more sanity in the world and the international tension is lessened. Other items describe problems and prospects in Canada, the United States, Ceylon, Northern Rhodesia, Germany, Antarctica. Taking them together they provide an astonishing amount of up-to-date information and thoughtful comment, mercifully free from the shrill party cries which disfigure the discussion of so many burning issues. The reviews, which deal with the recent biography of Lord Samuel, the veteran Liberal's own confession of faith entitled *In Search of Reality*, Norman Angell's little book on *Defence*, Alexander Werth's elaborate study of Mendes-France and other recent works are as good as the articles.

G. P. GOOCH

#### PÉTAÏN

Glorney Bolton gives a calm even account of Pétain, born a peasant in 1856 and educated by Dominicans at St. Omer. He remembered 1870, and Metz surrendered. The Duc d'Aumale anticipated a later trial with his historic rebuke to Bazaine, *Monsieur le maréchal, il y avait la France*. At 20 Pétain entered St. Cyr, and began soldiering after Ferdinand's murder at Sarajevo by retreating with his red-trousered *poilus* at Dinant. His defensive tenacity dominated. When in February 1916, Castelnau awakened Joffre with attack tidings Pétain was ordered to Verdun. His defence grew legendary. Nivelle however launched the Chemin des Dames offensive. It failed in slaughter and mutiny. Again Pétain was called in to heal. Ludendorff records Pétain's success "greater than a victory." But defensively he waited, Wilson complaining of "his squatting and doing nothing." Ludendorff attacked March 1917. Round Royé tensions

were intolerable, with Pétain warning Clemenceau of Britain's defeat. At Compiègne and Doullens, Pétain proved equally chilling. So Foch received united command and at Réthondes offered terms enabling the Doorn-fled Kaiser to claim German undefeat. In Metz, Poincaré handed Pétain his marshal's baton. Defeatist he remained, accumulating the difficulties facing a Berlin march should Germany refuse. Yet André Maginot appointed him Inspector-General and Lebrun, War Minister. When the "contemptible accident" became Führer, infection spread, Hervé publishing *We Want Pétain*. Ambition grew dutiful and war came. With Gamelin, "Papa Pétain" studied Allied plans and acquiesced. He watched Poland, "crucified between thieves." Habitually, he anticipated the worst. When Germany blitzkrieged, the Allies did exactly what Rundstedt wanted. All anticipated another Marne miracle under Weygand but the Germans reached Dunkirk. France's lost battle appeared decisive. Defeatism convinced Pétain that Britain was bound to submit. Weygand suggested terms. Reynaud saw Norway, Holland and Belgium in combat beyond Germany's reach. To Pétain, combat implied safety for politicians. Reynaud resigned and Lebrun called in the "Legend." At Réthondes, Hitler secured his reparative act of justice. "I make to France the gift of my person" quavered Pétain but senile vanity mingled with sacrificial penitence; he proclaimed: "We assume the functions of Head of State." When the Germans shot Chateaubriand hostages, he faltered "I wish to be the only hostage." But while offering himself a dedicatory sacrifice, he was the patron of volunteers for Germany and the *Milice*. The supreme test came and the Americans invaded Africa. Would he reunite France under Verdun's banner? "In a storm," he said "a pilot should stay at the helm" but he had never held it. The Allies landed, and Pétain was hurried to Zell but surrendered. His subservient collaboration provoked contempt. France could not remain "legal" while saluting returning Buchenwald skeletons. Mongibeaux presided at his trial, Payen defended, and Mornet prosecuted. Pétain asked: "What would have been the use of liberating ruins and cemeteries?" Mornet boomeranged Pétain's broadcasts, congratulations to Hitler, and protests to England. Payen sought to plead that age had enfeebled his intellect. Because of his years he was imprisoned. He died in 1951 at the Isle d'Yeu. Failure he was: but traitor? He failed his defence responsibilities. He failed to tap France's patriotism. While brimful of paternal benevolence, he bedecked with Verdun's majesty the spoliation of the France he loved.

*Pétain*. By Glorney Bolton. George Allen & Unwin. 18s.

\* \* \* \* \*

Madeline Duke's *Beyond the pillars of Hercules* (Evans, 16s.), strays beyond the usual grooves. It is not a travel book nor a history or geography of Spain. Yet she gives a more colourful picture of that Moorish Christian civilization than any recent book on Spain that I have read. Here the texture of history has been woven into a landscape where Crusaders and Quixotes, Inquisitors and Conquistadores, civil strife and uncivil dictatorships have played their part. Her book is a mixture of them all.

VICTOR COHEN

### HUMAN PROSPECTS

Perhaps the most significant symptom of the chronic illness which afflicts our civilization is the bewildering number of books in which their authors claim to offer not only a detailed analysis of the history of the disease but also a cure for it. Mr. Lewis Mumford is well known for several penetrating studies in this field and he now attempts to look into the future of Man. The greater part of his treatise, however, deals with the past, indeed it is only on page 120, more than halfway through the book, that we reach even the present. Mr.

Mumford's account of the past is on familiar lines, but makes stimulating reading for the student who has neither the time nor the inclination to study the rather bulky writings of Burckhardt, Spengler and Toynbee on whose cyclical interpretation of history much of the author's thought is clearly based. Perhaps it might have been better if the author had more openly indicated his indebtedness to these thinkers and to some others not mentioned at all. To some extent his account of the various transformations of man is marred by the use of a terminology which is often rather obscure and sometimes inexact. If he prefers to call Religious Man Axial Man we might question the use of a term which to most people will sound pretentious and somewhat unnecessary, but if he employs terms which have a precise and often strictly limited meaning in the realm of science and proceeds to transfer them to spheres where they have no such meaning, the result is merely confusion and uncertainty.

The most interesting part of Mr. Mumford's book deals with the present. He obviously dislikes Present Man but in criticising the weaknesses and absurdities of our present civilization he is often extremely witty and frequently most illuminating. Like many critics of our time he deplores the supremacy of the machine; in fact, it is man's subservience to the machine that will turn him into what the author paradoxically calls post-historic man and will make his life a "mechanically engineered coma." Even this section, however, contains some generalizations and overstatements. Surely space travel, which the author particularly dislikes is merely another form of man's love of adventure which was given such high marks in a previous chapter when it was directed to terrestrial exploration. It is when we reach the author's speculations about the future that we begin to wonder whether the inexact use of high-sounding terms has not brought about a hopeless confusion of the mind both of author and reader. To begin with, it is extremely difficult to see how the author's pessimistic views about the present can be squared with his vision of a unified world culture into which in his opinion our fragmented civilization must finally be transformed in order to survive. More important still, we find ourselves involved in a maze of question-begging terms, such as "integration," "wholeness," "universality" and others which do not seem to get us anywhere in particular. We also come across statements which are either tautological or meaningless such as the following: "Man's principal task today is to create a new self. . . . This self will necessarily take as its province the entire world, known and knowable and will seek, not to impose a mechanical uniformity but to bring about an organic unity." Precisely. But how is this "organic" unity to be brought about in a world deeply divided by the passions of nationalism and torn between diametrically opposed conceptions of the role of the State in the life of the individual?

Mr. Mumford draws freely, though somewhat superficially on the ideas of Marx and Freud but fails to fit them into a coherent system of thought. This is particularly obvious in the field of economics in which Karl Marx's challenge must be met by anybody who claims to prescribe for the ills of our time. What for instance are we to make of a statement like this: "Within the One World Economy there will be a polar relationship between the universal and the regional." It is very difficult to attach any precise meaning to these words, but they seem to mean that the richer regions must help the poorer ones, a sentiment with which many will agree. It would, however, have been more helpful if the many difficult problems involved in such a re-distribution of wealth had been discussed in greater detail. In this country the distribution of wealth which has been carried out in recent years has certainly not solved all our problems, but has on the contrary produced some quite new ones. In fact, in spite of the overwhelming importance of economic problems for the present and the future, the author devotes hardly more than a couple of pages to their discussion. And yet in spite of all its shortcomings this book makes a valuable



contribution to contemporary thought and perhaps the most important service the author has rendered will lie in the stimulus which he has provided to others to show the way to a future in which mankind will be less divided than it is today.

REINHOLD ARIS

*The Transformations of Man.* By Lewis Mumford. Allen & Unwin. 15s.

### SPINOZA

Professor Hallett's presentation of Spinoza's philosophy is given in Spinoza's own idiom. This is for the most part incomprehensible to the average reader in our time, and it diminishes the value of this book, except to a small minority of specialist readers. Stuart Hampshire's recent study of Spinoza was vastly superior to it in readability. This is a misfortune as it is valuable to have a book on Spinoza which is critical of the modern analytical approach to his teaching. Most British philosophers today praise his ethics and pay tribute to his originality and integrity, but regard his basic philosophical position and his metaphysics as erroneous if not meaningless as being founded on logical conceptions which are now out of date. Professor Hallett regards his doctrine as in all essentials valid while he attacks what he calls the "truncated empiricism" of the modern analytical school. The latter gives an ultimate ontological status to sense data, to what Russell calls the "hard" or "in corrigible" data of immediate sense experience, to "knowledge by acquaintance." This seems to Dr. Hallett to leave out most of what should be embodied in a true empiricism. Spinoza was concerned with the rational emendation of the "inadequate, confused and fragmentary" images offered in sense experience; while in interpreting "being," "cause" and "freedom" in terms of agency rather than of "thinghood," he was able to give a more satisfactory account of real existences and of man as a moral agent than we can find in any of the modern empiricists. Dr. Hallett's criticisms of "commonsense empiricism" seem to me to be shrewd and valuable, but their effect is weakened by the fact that he seldom gets away from the phraseology of Spinoza or speaks out plainly and effectively in his own person. Few modern philosophers fail to show veneration for Spinoza as a man and an independent thinker even if they reject his metaphysics. If Professor Hallett, in his almost boundless admiration, fails to do as much as he might have done to interpret his metaphysics to the modern reader, he at all events does justice to the wisdom embodied, not only in his ethics but in his political philosophy, which he shows to have a profound relevance to the problems of our own time.

J. B. COATES

*Benedict de Spinoza.* By H. F. Hallett. University of London Press. 25s.

### NORFOLK REVISITED

There is a sort of Jane Austen charm about the very sound "Assembly": it suggests a flicker of candles, a tinkle of lustres, a sound of fiddles tuning up; but Mr. R. W. Ketton-Cremer's is not pent within the walls of any one period or any one place. Like the characters whom we remember with so much pleasure in his earlier studies, all the people whom we meet here are natives of that tract of East Anglia which is in a very special sense his own; all the great houses we visit in his company are Norfolk houses. Yet some of the shifting backgrounds are as remote as Ypres, Tangier or the Nile Valley. We go to sea with Charles Harbord at Solebay, we keep pace along the Norwich cloisters with Dean Humphrey Prideaux, that "harsh, masterful, peremptory man"; we make a leisurely tour in noble company, inspecting Sir Robert Walpole's bed and Sir Andrew Fountaine's kitchen by the way; we watch the influx of those Dutch and

Walloon and Flemish refugees whose industry left such an enduring mark upon the city of Norwich. We even find ourselves involved in a duel which never occurred. Few things are more pathetic to contemplate than the grassy ridges and hollows marking the site of an ancient manor-house and its once-goodly garden. Such are the fading vestiges of the home of the Fettiplace family in the Cotswold country: and such are the ghosts of the fair terraces where Sir William Paston used to walk "in philosophic conversation" with Sir Thomas Browne at Oxnead. Unlike the last of the Fettiplaces, the last of the Pastons left records, inventories, and other relics of their now-vanished treasures, and for this we remain their debtors.

One of the most endearing of the present collection of essays brings us to the threshold of the decade in which we live. It is a chaplet piously entwined for the grave of a friend who died as recently as 1950, Alec Penrose, Cornish in blood, East Anglian by adoption, poet, sportsman, antiquary, who worked for Norfolk "with understanding and love, almost with a sense of dedication." With this exception and one other the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have maintained their ascendancy over the mind and the imagination of our author. Not yet has he given us that study of Chaucer in Norfolk for which some of us are still waiting with a hopeful eye. He has, however, taken us further back in time than to the England of Edward III. *Venti Icenorum* is a mere patch, but is alive with the vivid past of Roman Britain, and not the past only:

... the whole expanse, so calm and so beautiful under the changing Norfolk skies, is symbolic of the continuity of English life. In spring the Roman sherds gleam among the rows of sprouting barley. In autumn the huge combine-harvester throbs above the lines of the ancient streets. There is always a cawing of rooks in the distance, and the calling of partridges, and larks singing overhead, as there must have been in the days of the Iceni; and somewhere a tractor, and usually an aeroplane, the characteristic sounds of our own age. Snipe drum above the stream in the meadow beyond; and the wind strains, day after day, across the grassy banks of the town which is only a great square field.

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART

*Norfolk Assembly.* By R. W. Ketton-Cremer. Faber. 28s.

### LIVES AND WORKS

*Platero and I* (Nelson. 21s.). Juan Ramón Jiménez talking ironically, lovingly and wisely to his donkey whose back he bestrode across the Moguer landscape. The soul of Platero long ago went to graze in Paradise, but his master speaks still for Spain. Eloise Roach has kept the light and shade—poignant and gay, comic and tragic, dusty and majestic—in her translation, and the drawings of Jo Alys Downs show a pencil tipped with tender, perceptive magic.

*The Search for Good Sense* (Cassell. 25s.). F. L. Lucas finds it in the eighteenth century mind, with Johnson, Chesterfield, Boswell and Goldsmith for exemplars. This quartet of biography demonstrates for our unsafe times a "passion for sense, sincerity and simplicity" in the practice of the art of living.

*The Love Ethic of D. H. Lawrence* (Dennis Dobson. 21s.). Mark Spilka discusses the message, the religion of life, the aesthetics and the prophecy.

*Master of None* (Putnam. 12s. 6d.). Gilbert Harding re-introduces his mixture of sagacity and waspishness. A kind heart and even a genial glow are not always absent as he discourses on "being a wow." He hits at shams and baubles with a Cromwellian force we can respect. It is his wistful mood that palls; his is too keen an intelligence to be roaming the jungles of show business, and, realizing as he does the futility of his way of life derived from broadcasting, he must not expect his readers' pity as well. Acute self-knowledge, dear Brutus, bolstered by the tenets of the Roman Catholic Church should administer the necessary prod. One wishes this likeable jack

of all trades a worthier fate than the one in which he appears to be wallowing. *Given to Salt* (Max Parrish. 25s.). The engrossing account of a Jewish mining engineer from Siberia, M. A. Novomeysky, of a dream come true. From Tel Aviv in the 1920's he began the struggle against giant trusts and conflicting interests, and slowly won the agreement "between the Crown Agents for the Colonies acting for the Governments of Palestine and Trans-Jordan, and Major Tulloch and Mr. Novomeysky, regarding the concession for the extraction of minerals from the Dead Sea." Jews and Arabs worked well together and by the time of the war between them the region had not only been turned into a source of chemicals, with the evaporating pans of the salt works alone occupying hundreds of acres of once useless marsh, but had developed into a popular health resort. If it is a story of big business it is also one of imagination, faith and perseverance.

*True Account* (Max Parrish. 21s.). Ernest W. D. Tennant's firm agreed with the Dead Sea concessionaires to be "responsible for an important financial interest." It is one of the items in his balance-sheet of autobiography which notably includes his efforts to re-establish friendship with Germany after the 1914-1918 war. During his honorary secretaryship of the Anglo-German Fellowship he was aware of the presence of the devil and his last interview with Ribbentrop was full of unease. In what was to the author the "golden age" he became a schoolboy at Eton and was appointed a director of the family concern in Mincing Lane in 1912. He collected butterflies and kept a game book of birds, beast and fish shot or caught in 50 years of his life.

*The Footprint of the Buddha* (George Allen & Unwin. 30s.), legendarily left on a peak in Ceylon by one who "claimed nothing more than the status of a teacher who had seen, understood and preached." E. F. C. Ludowyk elucidates, and the many fine photographs illustrate facets of the doctrine, as they do the wonderful carvings, sculpture and architecture of the buried cities.

*Buddha and Buddhism* (Longmans. 6s.). Maurice Percheron's exposition, translated by Edmund Stapleton, of the old and new schools, has many pictures to illumine and complement; the belief of "the persistence of an irreducible element" which might be called the soul is here well served. In the same series of Men of Wisdom books and at the same price the publishers have so far included *Saint Augustine* by Henri Marrou, *Master Eckhart* by Jeanne Ancelet-Hustache, and *Saint Paul* by Claude Tresmontant.

*The Viceroyalty of Lord Irwin 1926-1931* (Oxford University Press. 21s.). S. Gopal writes of the hopes and fears of but 30 years ago in and for India, studying the political and constitutional developments that confronted the now Lord Halifax's Government at home.

*Rider on a Grey Horse* (Cassell. 21s.). The exploits of the commander of "Hodson's Horse," narrated by Barry Joynson Cork, which culminated in the long trek to the relief of Lucknow; many falls were an incentive to William Hodson to mount again in triumph.

*Looking Back* (Odhams Press. 25s.). The autobiography of the Duke of Sutherland, who was a page to Queen Alexandra, held office in the two wars, and keeps his interest in aviation and farming.

*Wordsworth's Cambridge Education* (Cambridge University Press. 32s. 6d.). Ben Ross Schneider Jr., Instructor in English Literature, Lawrence College, Wisconsin, accompanies the apprentice poet to St. John's in 1787 and watches his rejection of the beliefs and attitudes about art and society then proper to the university. His reading, the French Revolution and Godwin's thought were among the influences spurring his religious and political rebellions.

*The Commander* (Hollis & Carter. 15s.). General Sir Ian Hamilton's last papers are edited by Major Anthony Farrar-Hockley. This expounder of military philosophy, the A.D.C. to Roberts in India, the Chief of Staff to Kitchener

Walloon and Flemish refugees whose industry left such an enduring mark upon the city of Norwich. We even find ourselves involved in a duel which never occurred. Few things are more pathetic to contemplate than the grassy ridges and hollows marking the site of an ancient manor-house and its once-goodly garden. Such are the fading vestiges of the home of the Fettiplace family in the Cotswold country: and such are the ghosts of the fair terraces where Sir William Paston used to walk "in philosophic conversation" with Sir Thomas Browne at Oxnead. Unlike the last of the Fettiplaces, the last of the Pastons left records, inventories, and other relics of their now-vanished treasures, and for this we remain their debtors.

One of the most endearing of the present collection of essays brings us to the threshold of the decade in which we live. It is a chaplet piously entwined for the grave of a friend who died as recently as 1950, Alec Penrose, Cornish in blood, East Anglian by adoption, poet, sportsman, antiquary, who worked for Norfolk "with understanding and love, almost with a sense of dedication." With this exception and one other the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have maintained their ascendancy over the mind and the imagination of our author. Not yet has he given us that study of Chaucer in Norfolk for which some of us are still waiting with a hopeful eye. He has, however, taken us further back in time than to the England of Edward III. *Venti Icenorum* is a mere patch, but is alive with the vivid past of Roman Britain, and not the past only:

... the whole expanse, so calm and so beautiful under the changing Norfolk skies, is symbolic of the continuity of English life. In spring the Roman sherds gleam among the rows of sprouting barley. In autumn the huge combine-harvester throbs above the lines of the ancient streets. There is always a cawing of rooks in the distance, and the calling of partridges, and larks singing overhead, as there must have been in the days of the Iceni; and somewhere a tractor, and usually an aeroplane, the characteristic sounds of our own age. Snipe drum above the stream in the meadow beyond; and the wind strains, day after day, across the grassy banks of the town which is only a great square field.

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART

*Norfolk Assembly.* By R. W. Ketton-Cremer. Faber, 28s.

### LIVES AND WORKS

*Platero and I* (Nelson. 21s.). Juan Ramón Jiménez talking ironically, lovingly and wisely to his donkey whose back he bestrode across the Moguer landscape. The soul of Platero long ago went to graze in Paradise, but his master speaks still for Spain. Eloise Roach has kept the light and shade—poignant and gay, comic and tragic, dusty and majestic—in her translation, and the drawings of Jo Alys Downs show a pencil tipped with tender, perceptive magic.

*The Search for Good Sense* (Cassell. 25s.). F. L. Lucas finds it in the eighteenth century mind, with Johnson, Chesterfield, Boswell and Goldsmith for exemplars. This quartet of biography demonstrates for our unsafe times a "passion for sense, sincerity and simplicity" in the practice of the art of living.

*The Love Ethic of D. H. Lawrence* (Dennis Dobson. 21s.). Mark Spilka discusses the message, the religion of life, the aesthetics and the prophecy.

*Master of None* (Putnam. 12s. 6d.). Gilbert Harding re-introduces his mixture of sagacity and waspishness. A kind heart and even a genial glow are not always absent as he discourses on "being a wow." He hits at shams and baubles with a Cromwellian force we can respect. It is his wistful mood that palls; his is too keen an intelligence to be roaming the jungles of show business, and, realizing as he does the futility of his way of life derived from broadcasting, he must not expect his readers' pity as well. Acute self-knowledge, dear Brutus, bolstered by the tenets of the Roman Catholic Church should administer the necessary prod. One wishes this likeable jack



of all trades a worthier fate than the one in which he appears to be wallowing. *Given to Salt* (Max Parrish. 25s.). The engrossing account of a Jewish mining engineer from Siberia, M. A. Novomeysky, of a dream come true. From Tel Aviv in the 1920's he began the struggle against giant trusts and conflicting interests, and slowly won the agreement "between the Crown Agents for the Colonies acting for the Governments of Palestine and Trans-Jordan, and Major Tulloch and Mr. Novomeysky, regarding the concession for the extraction of minerals from the Dead Sea." Jews and Arabs worked well together and by the time of the war between them the region had not only been turned into a source of chemicals, with the evaporating pans of the salt works alone occupying hundreds of acres of once useless marsh, but had developed into a popular health resort. If it is a story of big business it is also one of imagination, faith and perseverance.

*True Account* (Max Parrish. 21s.). Ernest W. D. Tennant's firm agreed with the Dead Sea concessionaires to be "responsible for an important financial interest." It is one of the items in his balance-sheet of autobiography which notably includes his efforts to re-establish friendship with Germany after the 1914-1918 war. During his honorary secretaryship of the Anglo-German Fellowship he was aware of the presence of the devil and his last interview with Ribbentrop was full of unease. In what was to the author the "golden age" he became a schoolboy at Eton and was appointed a director of the family concern in Mincing Lane in 1912. He collected butterflies and kept a game book of birds, beast and fish shot or caught in 50 years of his life.

*The Footprint of the Buddha* (George Allen & Unwin. 30s.), legendarily left on a peak in Ceylon by one who "claimed nothing more than the status of a teacher who had seen, understood and preached." E. F. C. Ludowyk elucidates, and the many fine photographs illustrate facets of the doctrine, as they do the wonderful carvings, sculpture and architecture of the buried cities.

*Buddha and Buddhism* (Longmans. 6s.). Maurice Percheron's exposition, translated by Edmund Stapleton, of the old and new schools, has many pictures to illumine and complement; the belief of "the persistence of an irreducible element" which might be called the soul is here well served. In the same series of Men of Wisdom books and at the same price the publishers have so far included *Saint Augustine* by Henri Marrou, *Master Eckhart* by Jeanne Ancelet-Hustache, and *Saint Paul* by Claude Tresmontant.

*The Viceroyalty of Lord Irwin 1926-1931* (Oxford University Press. 21s.). S. Gopal writes of the hopes and fears of but 30 years ago in and for India, studying the political and constitutional developments that confronted the now Lord Halifax's Government at home.

*Rider on a Grey Horse* (Cassell. 21s.). The exploits of the commander of "Hodson's Horse," narrated by Barry Joynson Cork, which culminated in the long trek to the relief of Lucknow; many falls were an incentive to William Hodson to mount again in triumph.

*Looking Back* (Odhams Press. 25s.). The autobiography of the Duke of Sutherland, who was a page to Queen Alexandra, held office in the two wars, and keeps his interest in aviation and farming.

*Wordsworth's Cambridge Education* (Cambridge University Press. 32s. 6d.). Ben Ross Schneider Jr., Instructor in English Literature, Lawrence College, Wisconsin, accompanies the apprentice poet to St. John's in 1787 and watches his rejection of the beliefs and attitudes about art and society then proper to the university. His reading, the French Revolution and Godwin's thought were among the influences spurring his religious and political rebellions.

*The Commander* (Hollis & Carter. 15s.). General Sir Ian Hamilton's last papers are edited by Major Anthony Farrar-Hockley. This expounder of military philosophy, the A.D.C. to Roberts in India, the Chief of Staff to Kitchener

- in South Africa, the denouncer of politicians who made a shambles of the Dardanelles "sideshow," had also the ability to write readably and well.
- Highlands and Backwoods* (Christopher Johnson. 18s.). G. F. Morton, amid a lifetime's interest in and service to the youth of the Commonwealth, tells with a tincturing of hero-worship of the adventures of historical and contemporary wanderers over Europe and beyond. Chief Scout Lord Rowallan in a Foreword pays tribute to this unconventional schoolmaster who has "above all the love and understanding of his boys."
- Arthur Dobbs Esquire* (The Bodley Head. 25s.). Desmond Clarke follows the career of the Member of the Irish Parliament in 1727, who helped to found the Dublin Society, and became Governor of North Carolina.
- Joseph Conrad* (University of Oklahoma Press. \$3.75.). From the University of Michigan, where the author is an associate professor in the English Language Department, comes Robert F. Haugh's "Discovery in Design." It is contended that there is a sense of pattern running through *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, *Youth*, *Typhoon*, *Heart of Darkness*, *Lord Jim*, *The Secret Sharer*, *The Shadow Line*, *Chance*, *Victory*, *Under Western Eyes*, *The Secret Agent* and *Nostromo*, and comparisons are made of the characters in these stories as their relative merits are assessed. Not so much the novelist of the sea is here revealed but of the rivers, estuaries, roadsteads and harbours that bound it.
- W. B. Yeats and Tradition* (Victor Gollancz. 25s.). A search by F. A. C. Wilson into the sources of the thought and symbolism as a means to the understanding and appreciation of the poetry.
- I Saw for Myself* (Hollis & Carter. 10s. 6d.). The Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, Anthony Nutting, who resigned in 1956 through disagreement with the policy of Anglo-French intervention in Suez, discusses the aftermath in the light of his prolonged tour last year of North Africa and the Middle East.
- As Far as my Feet will Carry Me* (André Deutsch. 15s.). J. M. Bauer's account, translated from the German by Lawrence Wilson, of the anonymous "Clemens Forell," who was captured by the Russians during the war and amid many desperate adventures walked home from a Siberian lead mine.
- Three Steps to Victory* (Odhams. 30s.) is "a personal account by Radar's greatest pioneer Sir Robert Watson-Watt." The boy from Scotland who learnt much about the origin and nature of atmospheric during the 1914-1918 war has a fantastic tale of the race to ring Britain, in time, with a network of radar. Its birth date may be fixed in 1935 when his memorandum on the "Detection and Location of Aircraft by Radio Methods" came before the Committee for the Scientific Survey of Air Defence. He finished the narrative on the crest of a Canadian ravine, happy in the possession of another life partner, and apprehensive of forgetting his earlier motto "Contentment is the Enemy."
- Bergson* by Ian W. Alexander, *Claudel* by Wallace Fowlie, and *Rimbaud* by C. A. Hackett (Bowes and Bowes. 10s. 6d. each), admirable revaluations in poetry and philosophy, are entirely at home in the publishers' series of Studies in Modern European Literature and Thought.
- Hitler: The Missing Years* (Eyre & Spottiswoode. 30s.). The Nazi Party's Foreign Press Chief, Putzi Hanfstaengl who left for Switzerland in 1937, watched the political agitator climbing to the Chancellery, and noted the first steps on the way down, in faults magnified and power corruption, of the nastiest of mass-murderers. It is an unpleasant odyssey and somehow the more horrible for the raciness—a breeze fanning an evil smell—of the telling.

GRACE BANYARD

## THE WORLD TODAY — Chatham House Review

To be well informed, you need the facts. In **THE WORLD TODAY** recognized experts bring to the general reader up-to-date and reliable information on current world problems. Factual and objective, **THE WORLD TODAY** also focuses on internal political and economic conditions abroad, in order to provide a background to events of international significance.

The *May* issue includes articles on Soviet Central Asia and the Middle East, World Communism in Figures, and Politics and Economics in France.

Back numbers can be obtained from the Oxford University Press, Press Road, Neasden, London, N.W.10. Single copy price 2s. 6d.

To: Oxford University Press, Amen House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Please enter my subscription to **THE WORLD TODAY** for one year (price 30s.; U.S. and Canada, \$4.80, including postage inland and overseas).

☐ Cheque/P.O. enclosed. ☐ Please send invoice.

Name .....

Address .....

**ITTINGHAM MILL.** Vegetarian Guest House offers you the perfect holiday. Safe river bathing. Dinghies for grown-ups and children. Easy reach Cromer, Sheringham and the Broads. Garages, Kennels. Eighteen acres. Friendship, fellowship and spiritual discovery. — **MARY AND DEREK NEVILLE, Ittingham Mill, near Aylsham, Norwich, Norfolk.** Telephone Saxthorpe 206.

**THE CARAVAN OF EAST AND WEST** is an international friendship movement with a spiritual background. London meeting on first Fridays, Kingsley Hotel, Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1 at 7 p.m. S.A.E. details—84 St. Thomas's Road, Finsbury Park, London, N.4.

**THE MOST IMPORTANT  
BOOK IN THE WORLD**

## THE SECRET DOCTRINE

By H. P. BLAVATSKY

### FOURTH EDITION

A Synthesis of **SCIENCE, RELIGION and PHILOSOPHY** from the occult point of view. Explains the occult source of the elements and their relation to Man. Includes details of the four prehistoric Continents, and the evolution of Man, prehistoric and historic.

In six handsome volumes. 9½" x 6½". Price £4 14s. 6d. Postage inland 4s. Abroad 8s. 6d. *Theosophical Catalogue Free*

**THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE LTD**  
68 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1

## TYPEWRITERS!

**ADDING, BOOK-KEEPING  
AND CALCULATING MACHINES**

**New and Rebuilt  
HIRE AND REPAIRS**

**74 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.2**

**TAYLORS** HOLBORN  
3793

# **'THE BRITISH SURVEY'**

*is published monthly at 1/6d.*

*for those interested in the objective, authoritative treatment of  
International Affairs*

*Subjects recently covered include:*

**POLAND 1957**

**THE PROBLEMS OF COMMUNISM IN 1957**

**ANTI-COLONIAL MOVEMENTS AND THE  
BRITISH COLONIAL PERFORMANCE**

**THE ATLANTIC TREATY UNDER STRAIN**

*Obtainable from:*

**The British Survey, Benjamin Franklin House,  
36 Craven Street, London, W.C.2**

# **PARLIAMENTARY AFFAIRS**

**The Quarterly Journal of the Hansard Society for  
Parliamentary Government**

## **SOME RECENT ARTICLES**

**The British Constitution in 1957**

*Peter Bromhead*

**The Presidential Press Conference**

*Hugh A. Bone*

**The Leader of the Opposition**

*Max Beloff*

**Politics and the Constitution in New Zealand**

*R. S. Milne*

**The Crown and the Commonwealth**

*Graeme C. Moodie*

**The Composition of the Committees in the French National**

*Assembly Martin Harrison*

## **BOOK REVIEWS**

**Single copies 7s. 6d. 31.25**

**Annual Subscription 30s. 34.50**

**Specimen copy from:**

**THE HANSARD SOCIETY FOR PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT**

**39 Millbank, London, S.W.1**